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Irish Rose*

by
Walter Ben Hare

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T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

154 West Randolph Street

CHICAGO

MY IRISH ROSE

A Comedy-drama of Irish Life
in Three Acts

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

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CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

1919

PS 3515
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"Here's to old Ireland with her shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen!
To true Irish hearts, with never a flaw,
May God save old Ireland, and Erin go bragh!"



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AT CORNELL UNI-
VERSITY

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MY IRISH ROSE

FOR SIX MEN AND SIX WOMEN

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

- COLUM MCCORMACK
..... *A Prosperous Irish Farmer of County Kildare*
MAURICE FITZGERALD.... *A Rich Young Dublin Artist*
TERRY CREIGAN
..... *McCormack's Nephew, a Young Irish Patriot in Exile*
MR. ARCHIBALD PENNYWITT.....
..... *A Wealthy English Tourist*
MR. MICHAEL PEPPERDINE.....
..... *An Eminent Dublin Barrister*
SHAWN MCGILLY
..... *The Laziest Man in County Kildare*
ANN MARY MCCORMACK.....
..... *Colum's Sister, with a True Irish Heart*
THE WIDOW HANNIGAN.....
..... *With Money in the Bank and an Eye on Colum*
EILEEN FITZGERALD..... *A Dublin Heiress*
LADY AGNES BARRICKLOW.. *Who Hesitates at Nothing*
PEGEEN BURKE... *A Servant on the McCormack Farm*
ROSE CREIGAN..... *A Wild Irish Rose*

LADS AND LASSIES

TIME — 1904.

PLACE — County Kildare, and Dublin, Ireland.

TIME OF PLAYING — *Two and One-Half Hours.*

ACT. I. Colum McCormack's farm yard on the outskirts of a village in County Kildare, Ireland. "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

ACT II. Same scene at Act I, a few hours later. "The Kerry Dance."

ACT III. Scene 1. The Library of Fitzgerald's house in Dublin, a year later. "The Last Rose of Summer."

Scene 2. Same as Scene 1, four hours later. "Mavourneen."

NOTE.—The curtain descends for a few minutes between Scenes 1 and 2 in Act III to indicate a lapse of four hours.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

Rose Creigan, a little Irish country lass, is the pride of her bachelor uncle Colum McCormack and her aunt Ann Mary. Her brother, Terence Creigan, has been cashiered from the army on account of a superior officer's enmity, and has gone to America. Maurice Fitzgerald, a wealthy Dublin artist, falls in love with Rose while painting her picture. He proposes marriage and is accepted. Shortly after he learns from his family lawyer, Mr. Pepperdine, that his cousin has been killed and that he is heir to the estate and a baronet. Mr. Pepperdine suggests that he break off his matrimonial entanglement, but Maurice spurns the suggestion with contempt.

Lady Agnes Barricklow has long been in love with Maurice and now that he is a wealthy baronet decides to marry him. She arrives at the McCormack farm with Eileen, Maurice's sister, and tries to break off the match between Rose and Sir Maurice by suggesting to Rose that her lover is already engaged to marry Eileen (who is really his sister). Rose sees Maurice embrace his sister and thinking she is his betrothed, agrees to break the match. But Archibald Pennywitt, a blundering English tourist, explains that Eileen is Maurice's sister, and Maurice introduces Rose to all as his affianced wife.

In Act III Rose and Maurice have been married for a year, but Lady Agnes is still trying to cause trouble by suggesting a separation. Terry Creigan, Rose's brother, comes home from America and is conditionally restored to his rank. Sir Maurice decides to go to Belfast to beg the commanding general to remove all restrictions against Terry. Rose after a bitter quarrel with Agnes, orders her from the house, but is much dismayed to find that Maurice too is leaving for Belfast. Rose suspecting that Maurice is to join Agnes at Belfast, spurns her husband and departs for a grand ball with her brother Terry. Maurice, thinking that Terry is Rose's lover, decides to challenge him to a duel, but Rose and Terry return from the ball and the brother is introduced to the husband and all ends well.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

Colum: Aged fifty. Rather stout. Line face carefully and make up with neat iron-gray hair and side whiskers. Use just a faint brogue and do not exaggerate the character. This is not the typical variety-stage Irishman, but the real, lovable, quick-tempered, authoritative farmer of east Ireland. In Acts I and II he wears a corduroy suit, gamekeeper's leggings, gray woolen shirt and felt hat. In Act III he wears a tight-fitting black suit and black felt hat.

Maurice: A handsome man of about 25. Neat summer outing suit in Acts I and II with cap. Full evening dress in Act III.

Terry: A handsome young lieutenant. Speaks with slight brogue. Wears dress uniform of a British officer. On first entrance however wears long, light weight overcoat and top hat.

Archibald Pennywitt: Tourist suit and cap. Monocle. May wear long drooping mustache. On first entrance he wears auto cap, coat, gauntlets and goggles. In Act III handsome walking suit, white gaiters, cane, top hat, flower in coat, monocle. For second entrance in Act III wear dinner clothes, dress overcoat, top hat and white gloves.

Pepperdine: Aged forty. Neat gray wig and mustache. Neat walking suit and hat in Act I. Dinner clothes in Act III. To be played with much dignity and as a prominent, city lawyer. Use nose-glasses.

Shawn: A country rustic. Red crop wig and eyebrows. Very lazy, frequently yawning and stretching himself. Rough farm clothes in Act I. Neater suit with green ribbons in Act II.

Ann Mary: Hair powdered and parted in middle, then combed plainly over ears. Woolen petticoat, dark skirt turned up over the petticoat. Neat waist. Small red shawl over shoulders. Large white apron. Spectacles in pocket of apron. White cap with frill. In Act II she wears neat flowered pattern dress with concealed pocket, without shawl or cap.

The Widow: Comedy make-up. Old fashioned dress, black lace mitts, old fashioned lace shawl and large hand-bag. Large bonnet trimmed with many colored flowers and ribbons.

Eileen: Aged 19. Auto suit, coat and bonnet of gray trimmed in pink. Veil. Gauntlets. In Act III she wears dainty afternoon dress and large picture hat and changes this to ball gown, opera cloak, hair ornaments, dress cut with train.

Agnes: Aged 24. Tan auto suit in Act II. Brown bonnet and gauntlets. In Act III dress similar to Eileen's but more elaborate. Use a heavy make-up and play the part in a proud, overbearing manner.

Pegeen: Aged 20. A dull slow servant in Acts I and II. Dress similar to Ann Mary with gaudy ribbons in Act II. In Act III she is entirely changed into a neat, French maid. Gray dress, ankle length, white lace apron, collar and cuffs, small white lace cap with two long pink satin streamers. Rough shoes in Acts I and II. Neat gray pumps and silk hose in Act III.

Rose: Aged 18. Hair down in curls in Acts I and II. Plain dark skirt and plain white silk waist in Acts I and II. Long white lacy afternoon dress in Act III; change to very elaborate ball gown with long train and white opera cloak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. An Irish farm. St. Patrick's Day in the Morning. Shawn McGilly, the laziest man in all Ireland, learns what Ann Mary thinks of him. Pegeen Burke: For work there's not her equal in the parish, but her tongue it's sharper than a Michaelmas bog-wind. The Widow Hannigan makes a proposal. The exile in America. "He had no gold and he had no high estate to give to his dear country, but he is giving something more precious than either, he is giving her an Irishman's love. Rose and Maurice. "It's a wild-rose you'll be until your death, there's no taming you!" A visitor from Dublin. "My affianced wife, the future Lady Fitzgerald!"

ACT II. A St. Patrick Day dance. Pegeen and the pumps. "They wear pumps on their feet, I'm thinking they'll be wearing tubs on their heads next." The auto breaks down. The Widow's curiosity. Agnes and Rose. "He would be ashamed of you in a month, would blush for your ignorance before all his friends." A deep laid plot fails. "Eileen has found her brother." Rose o' my Heart!

ACT III. *Scene 1.* The last rose of summer. Studying to be a lady. "Bong jower, monseer!" "Whatever is the use of French when an Irish brogue and an Irish heart is waiting and ready to give you an Irish welcome?" Mr. Pennywitt tries to propose. Colum and Terry visit Rose in her new home. "This is the happiest day of me whole life." A cloud on the horizon. Agnes suggests a quiet separation. Rose rebels. "I am the mistress here and I bid you leave my house!" " 'Twas you who taught me the way of the world, my

lady; 'twas you who taught me how to fight, and I am going to win." Off to the ball with Terry. Act III. *Scene 2.* "Mavourneen!" A few hours later. Trouble impending. Eileen and Mr. Pennywitt return from the ball. "She was the hit of the season." Rose comes home. "This is my brother!" The cloud vanishes. "There's only one woman in the wide world for me, and it is you, Rose; Rose o' my heart!"

LIST OF PROPERTIES

ACT I

The old well with crank, bucket and rope.
Bench in front of well.
Another bench with a tub on it.
A stool and a churn.
Knitting in apron pocket for ANN MARY.
Wild flowers for ROSE.
Easel, paint box and stool for SHAWN.
Coin for MAURICE.
Coin for PEPPERDINE.

ACT II

A violin for the FIDDLER.
A partly knitted stocking in ANN MARY's pocket.

ACT III

Books, magazines on library table.

Vase of long-stemmed red roses.

Large chairs, couch, fireplace, palms, etc.

Small hand-bell on table.

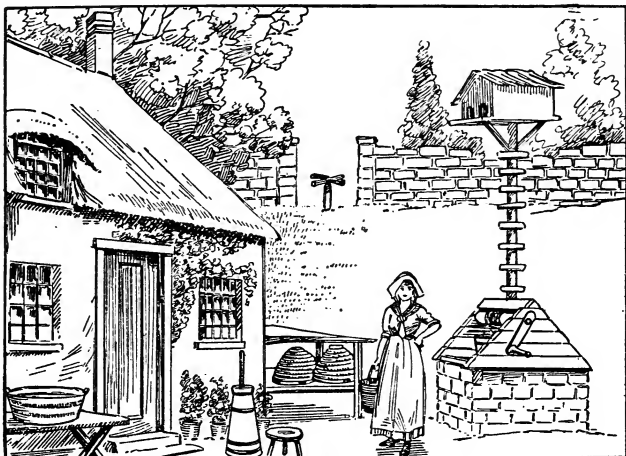
Small book on table for PEGEEN.

Opera cloak for PEGEEN.

Pistol for MAURICE.

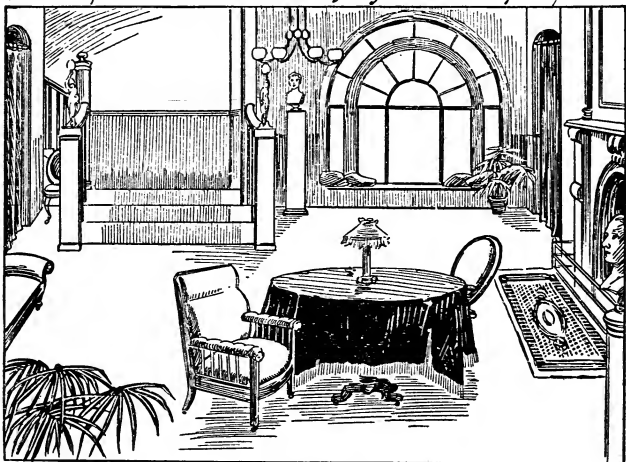
STAGE DIRECTIONS

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.* upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.



ACTS 1 & 2.

Green carpet with scattered leaves in foreground. Landscape drop at back



ACT 3.

A dark Library Interior.

The above designs are merely offered as suggestions for the stage setting of this drama. It is not essential that amateurs should do more than refer to them as an aid in their own presentation of the play.

MY IRISH ROSE

THE FIRST ACT

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNIN'

SCENE: COLUM McCORMACK'S farm-yard on the outskirts of a village in County Kildare, Ireland. Small cottage down R. supposed to be the back-door of the McCormack farm-house. Trellis arbor over the cottage door. Wood wings down L. Landscape on back drop. About four feet from the back drop in a stone wall four feet high and having an entrance in the C. This entrance may be an old-fashioned wooden turnstile or a stone arch. Natural vines cling to the wall and cover the arbor over the cottage door. Pink paper roses may be attached to these natural vines with good effect. Branches of real trees may appear back of the wall and at the sides of the stage. By nailing these branches to the scenes and allowing them to overhang the stage, the effect of a grove is gained. Down L. is a square well, made of a box painted to represent stones, with upright sticks, crank, bucket and rope. Bench in front of the well. Bench down R. with a tub on it. Stool at R. C. and churn.

Lights on full. Bright music played loudly to take up the curtain, "The Wearing of the Green" or "The Kerry Dance," or similar lively tune. SHAWN McGILLY discovered seated on stage at L. of well, he is facing the audience. He is asleep and entirely

hidden from ANN MARY McCORMACK, who is seated on the stool working the churn and singing "The Wearing of the Green," or some other lively Irish air. The orchestra music ceases after the curtain is well up, but ANN MARY continues singing for some time and churns in time to her music. After a pause, enter PEGEEN BURKE from cottage. She comes down C.

PEGEEN BURKE. Plase, Miss Ann Mary, mum, I'm looking for Shawn McGilly.

ANN MARY McCORMACK. It's likely you'll find him asleep in the hay, Pegeen Burke. 'Tis only ten o'clock in the morning, and never a lick of work does Shawn McGilly do before noon.

PEGEEN. And it's a shame, mum, that he's that lazy. Here's meself that has been workin' me two hands to the bone since I came from five o'clock mass, and on St. Patrick's day too. That man is a disgrace to the parish. If I had my way, I'd start him to work at noon and kape him there until noon of the next day. I've done me duties in the house and am now ready to begin at the tubs, but niver a drop of water has he brought. (*Crosses to rear, looks off L., puts hands to mouth and yells at the top of her voice.*) Shawn McGilly! Shawn McGilly!

ANN MARY (*churning*). That will do, Pegeen; you may wake the Seven Sleepers, and you may blow the trump of dawn, but never a stir will you get from himself until noon.

PEGEEN (*crosses to L. 1 E. and yells as before*). Shawn McGilly! Shawn McGilly. (*She starts to come to C. and trips over SHAWN's extended feet. He snores.*) Oh, Miss Ann Mary, mum, will you look here?

ANN MARY (*rises and comes to C.*). It's himself. Wake him up.

PEGEEN (*at L. of SHAWN*). Shawn, get up! Get up, ye porkawn! I want some water for me tubs. Shawn! (*Shakes him.*)

SHAWN. (*Stirs uneasily and talks in his sleep.*)
Lave me alone, sure 'tis not daylight yet.

ANN MARY *returns to the churn.*

PEGEEN. Not daylight? And the sun five hours high. Shawn, wake up!

SHAWN. Give me another drink and make it a bigger one. (*Turns and sleeps again.*)

PEGEEN. He thinks I'm giving him a drink. And so I will. I'll give him a drink he'll long remember. (*Gets water from well and throws cupful in his face.*)

SHAWN (*jumping up and gesturing as swimming*). Help, help, murder, it's drowned in the sea I am. (*Rubs eyes.*) Oh, ho, it's you, is it, Pegeen Burke?

PEGEEN. (*Angrily.*) Yes, it's me, is it.

SHAWN. Sure I dreamed of the angels calling me, and here I wake up and find the dream's come true. Away, Pegeen Burke, and let me dream again.

PEGEEN (*threatens him with cup*). And is it another dip in the sea you want?

SHAWN. It is not. Be off and lave a decent man to enjoy his well-earned rest.

ANN MARY. Well-earned rest, indeed! Here I've been looking for you for the past two hours to help me with me churning.

SHAWN (*coming to C.*). Sure, mum, I've just been gatherin' me strength together to be helpin' you. Give me the churn and I'll have the butter before you can twist the cat's tail.

ANN MARY. A fine time of day it is for you to be offering to help me. The churning is done now. (*Rises.*) Here, carry it in the dairy.

SHAWN (*trying to lift the churn*). Yis, mum, I will that.

ANN MARY. And then be off and fill the tubs for Pegeen. Here it is St. Patrick's day and scarce a thing done this mornin'. Fill the tubs.

SHAWN (*dropping churn*). Yis, mum. I will that, mum. (*Starts to L.*)

ANN MARY. Wait. Take the churn in the dairy. (*At C.*)

SHAWN (*trying to lift the churn*). Yis, mum. Sure you tell me to do so many things at the same time, that I'm forgetting all of them. And what's more I can't lift the churn, it's that heavy. And if I can't lift it, then how can I carry it into the dairy?

ANN MARY (*sarcastically*). Can't lift it? Perhaps you'd better be calling six or eight of the boys to help you carry it. Pegeen, this poor little fellow says he can't lift the churn. Maybe yourself would give him the help of a hand.

PEGEEN (*crosses to churn*). Can't lift it? Shawn McGilly, did you say that?

SHAWN. I did. Sure I can't work so early in the mornin'.

PEGEEN (*picks up the churn and speaks to SHAWN*). Out of me way, me fine young lady. Sure if it's too tired you are to walk, I'll carry you and the churn together. (*Crosses to door of cottage.*) Miss Ann Mary, mum, put him to slape in his little bed, and cover him up and tuck the covers in. It's a swate little infant you are, Shawn McGilly. (*Exit in cottage at R.*)

ANN MARY (*seated in front of well, takes knitting*

from pocket and knits busily). Did you hear that now?

SHAWN (*staring after PEGEEN*). It's a strong lass is Pegeen Burke and a healthy. And for work there's not her aqual in the parish, but her tongue it's sharper than a Michaelmas bog-wind.

ANN MARY. And is it talking to yourself that you are, Shawn McGilly? Sure you'd better be saying your prayers. Be off now and fill the tubs for Pegeen, she's shamed you once this day.

SHAWN (*at R.*). Small shame it was, Miss Ann Mary, mum. I could have carried that churn as easy as a feather, if I'd had the mind. But for what else was Pegeen standin' there? I'll fill the tubs for you gladly, mum, and then I'd like to ride over to the post-office beyant and see if there's a letter come from Mr. Terry in Americky. Sure he'd niver forget us on St. Patrick's day.

ANN MARY. Rose went to the postoffice an hour ago. It's time she was home now. It's been over a fortnight since we've heard from the lad. Sure it's a lonesome day he's having over there with all the Indians and buf-faloes and wild men. And him never so far from home before.

SHAWN. But it's proud you should be of him, mum; there's not a lad in the whole of Kildare would have done what he did.

ANN MARY. And what reward did he get for it? Exiled to the wilds of Ameriky. It must be an awful place. The very name of the county he's in is Buffalo.

SHAWN. God send him safe home!

ANN MARY. Amen to that. (*Changes tone to brisk and business-like.*) Shawn McGilly, will I have to wait all day for the tubs?

SHAWN. Work, work, work. It's a wonder I don't drop down dead some day from exhaustion. Yis, mum, I'm going, mum. (*Exit R. slowly.*)

ANN MARY (*knitting down L.*). Sure if I did as little work as that man does, it's sitting down at the pianny I'd be the livelong day with no other thought than the curling of me hair and the eating of three or four square meals a day and the sleeping of me fourteen hours. I've no patience with him.

Enter WIDOW HANNIGAN C. through gate in wall.

WIDOW HANNIGAN (*coming down C.*). And is it yourself, Ann Mary McCormack?

ANN MARY (*rises*). Oonah Hannigan, you're a sight for sore eyes. (*Shakes hands.*) But why are you at the back door?

WIDOW. I drove up the lane and saw you. I thought maybe you'd like to be driving to church with me, this being St. Patrick's day.

ANN MARY. I was at church at five in the mornin'. Won't you come in the house and have a bite and a sup of tea?

WIDOW. Thank you, no. Is your brother Colum about?

ANN MARY. He's at the farm. And was it Colum you wanted to see?

WIDOW. Oh, not in particular. But he wants to buy me horse and I thought he might look her over.

ANN MARY. Won't you sit down? (*They sit, ANN MARY at L.; WIDOW at R.*)

WIDOW. And what news have ye had from the boy in Americky?

ANN MARY. Not a word the week. Rose has gone over to the postoffice now.

WIDOW. 'Twas an awful thing, Ann Mary.

ANN MARY. Are ye referring to me nephew, Mrs. Hannigan?

WIDOW. I meant no offense, of course. 'Twas a patriotic thing he did, in standin' up for the ould sod, but I'm thinkin' he'd rather be back here than in Ameriky. Maybe some o' them black Injuns will be scalpin' the lad — 'tis said they's as soon scalp ye as look at ye. Ameriky's an awful place, I'm hearin', Ann Mary.

ANN MARY. I think Terry Creigan can be taking care of himself.

WIDOW (*drawing bench to C. and leaning toward ANN MARY*). But tell me, allanah, about the rumpus in Dublin. I've never yet heard the straight of it. Did Terry actually strike his commanding officer?

ANN MARY. He did not. Terry was only an Irish lieutenant and the captain was an Englishman.

WIDOW. But he was his superior officer.

ANN MARY (*proudly*). He was higher in rank, but not his superior. — Terrence Creigan has no superior.

WIDOW (*sympathetically*). The poor motherless boy!

ANN MARY. It was only a bit of hot tempered words. The Captain said that all Irish soldiers needed English officers to lead them. Of course no Creigan could stand that.

WIDOW. Of course not.

ANN MARY. So Terry up and told him what he thought of him. And he was court-martialed for insubordination, or whatever they call it. And the captain had the ear of the military court so of course Terry had no chance against him, and that's what drove him over to Americky.

WIDOW. 'Twas his upbringing. Of course you and

Colum did all you could for the two orphans, but whatever does an old bachelor and an old maid know about the proper upbringing of children?

ANN MARY (*rises*). Oonah Hannigan, you go too far.

WIDOW. I meant no offense, Ann Mary, darling. Don't think that I'd be blaming you. Of course it isn't your fault that you are not married.

ANN MARY (*indignantly*). An old maid, is it? (*Comes closer to WIDOW and shakes her finger at her.*) Indeed, Oonah Hannigan, if I *am* an old maid, 'tis nobody's fault but me own. I had the refusing of your own Michael John Hannigan, and well you know it.

WIDOW. There, there, Ann Mary, I meant no offense. Of course the time was when you could have had the pick of the parish. And as for my own Michael John, God rest him, he proposed to half the girls in Kildare, after I had rejected him the first time.

ANN MARY. Humph! (*A snort of disbelief. She resumes her seat and knitting.*)

WIDOW (*continuing pleasantly*). Many's the time and oft he said to me, "Oonah," says himself, "it's most blessed luck I've had all me days, to escape the wiles of all the girls who have refused me. Sure it's yourself that's like a fine pastry after a dinner of plain pertaties."

ANN MARY. Plain pertaties, is it? Agra, he's like the fox and the grapes that hung out of his reach. He tried and he tried to get at them, and then the disappointed coppaleen told everyone that they were sour. But Michael John Hannigan is dead these twelve years, and you're his widow and, as you say, I'm an old maid.

But there's them in the parish I wouldn't change places with, remember that now!

WIDOW. It's too bad, Ann Mary, that you are giving up the best years of your life to the upbringing of your niece. Here's you and your brother both of ye growing old in attendance upon her.

ANN MARY (*angrily*). It's our own age, Oonah Hannigan. And isn't she our own sister's child, and the light of our lives and the rose of our hearts?

WIDOW. That may well be, but it's time that you and your brother each had a houseful of children all your own.

ANN MARY. I'll never leave Rose until she leaves me, and may all the saints ward off that fateful day.

WIDOW. But your brother, Colum. It's a wife he should have.

ANN MARY. You'd better be telling him so. He'd be right glad for the information. Now, whom would you suggest? A widow woman, most likely, with a farm of her own and money in the bank.

WIDOW (*smiles complacently*). I see what you mean, Ann Mary. And it's not distasteful to me. And indade I wouldn't be a bad match for himself. But if there's any courting to be done, it must be done by Colum McCormack himself. Sorry a bit of advance will I make.

ANN MARY. Me brother thinks no more of marrying than I do.

WIDOW. If such a thing should come to pass, and he did marry a good wife with experience, she could take a hand in the upbringing of Rose herself.

ANN MARY. It's out of the question. (*Knits furiously.*)

WIDOW. And is it now? If I'd been the mistress of this place your nephew Terrence Creigan would now be a prosperous farmer, instead of a soldier lieutenant off in the wilds of Buffalo, Americky.

ANN MARY (*rises*). Terrence Creigan may be an exile in the wilds of Americky, but he is the victim of an injustice; as brave a boy as ever wore the uniform, the stuff of which heroes are made, he fell afoul of some insignificant little military regulation; some officer who was not his equal in ability or patriotism wanted him out of the regiment. He had no gold, and he had no high estate, but he had an Irishman's love for his country. He had an Irishman's poetry and magnetism and sympathy; those qualities make devoted friends or arouse jealousy. Terrence, poor boy, made some enemies.

WIDOW. (*After a pause.*) Well, I've only told you what half the parish is saying.

ANN MARY. Then half the parish, or all the parish, had better be minding its own business, and you may tell them so from me.

Enter COLUM McCORMACK from gate. He comes down between them.

COLUM McCORMACK. And what's going on here? Is it a ruction you're after having?

WIDOW. It's nothing at all. (*Rises.*) I just told her what everyone was saying. (*Cross to R.*)

ANN MARY. She said that Terry and Rose have not had the proper bringing up.

WIDOW. Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I only meant that Colum here should get married and have an experienced woman to look after them.

COLUM. Indade, and have ye the experienced woman to suggest, Oonah Hannigan?

WIDOW. Now Colum, dear, don't be angry. Here's Terry off in Americky, and Rose running wild over the parish with that Dublin artist at her heels.

COLUM. (*Loudly.*) That will do. Oonah Hannigan, you are a neighbor and the widow of me old friend — but do not presume too far on friendship.

WIDOW (*beginning to cry*). That's just the way with you. And when I meant it all for the best, too. I was only tryin' to give a bit of advice, and this is the way ye are receivin' it. And me an old friend, too! Oh, wurra, a sorry St. Patrick's day you've made for me this day. (*Cries.*)

COLUM. And what are the people saying about my Rosie? (*At L. C.*)

WIDOW. Oh, nothing to her discredit. They only say that she's allowed to do too much as she pleases, and that it's not good for a child of her age.

ANN MARY (*down L., belligerently*). I wish some one would say something to me face. That I do!

WIDOW. I drove over to take you to church, Colum dear, and this is the way I'm trated. (*Change tone to sharp.*) You've been too easy with Terry and Rose, and well ye know it. You need a wife to look after you and to kape an eye on her.

COLUM. Oh, I do, do I? Rose needs *no* one to kape an eye on her. There's not a better girl in all Kildare.

WIDOW (*crosses up to gate*). Well, think over what I've said. And remember that I've got money in the bank.

COLUM (*at L. C.*). Is it proposing to me that you are?

WIDOW (*up C. indignantly*). Indade and I am not.

I never thought of such a thing. The idea! I'd have you know that I'm not in the market. The idea! (*She flounces out C. indignantly.*)

ANN MARY. And now you've made her angry, Colum McCormack. And Oonah Hannigan is a good woman.

COLUM. Bother Oonah Hannigan for an old gossiping husband-hunter.

ANN MARY. And it's what I've always been telling you. Our Rose has been spoilt.

COLUM. Well if she has, sure it's nobody's fault but your own.

ANN MARY. Mine, is it? Listen to the man! When everybody in the village is criticizing you —

COLUM. (*Angrily.*) That for the village. (*Snaps fingers.*) And that for the village! (*Repeats this.*) And that for the village! (*Same action.*) I brought up that boy and he's an honor to me and a credit to the whole county of Kildare. And I'm bringing up my Rosie to suit meself. And don't you meddle with what I'm doing. (*Loudly.*) You leave her alone, and leave me alone. (*She has risen and shrinks from him.*) Do ye hear me, you leave me alone! The girl's all right. And you are always nagging at her. You are, you know you are. (*She gasps.*) What if she does run a bit wild, what harm is there in it? I come here to the house tired and peaceful and here you are nagging at me. (*She gasps.*) I won't have it. Get out and leave me alone. (*She crosses to cottage door.*) And leave Rose alone, too. Get out. (*Loudly.*) Get out! (*ANN MARY sobs in pantomime and exits into cottage. COLUM crosses to door, it is slammed in his face; he yells.*) You leave her alone, do you hear, leave her alone? (*Pause.*) I'm bringing up the child in my own way and will brook no interference. (*Pause, then*

speaks lower.) She's me own sister's child and I know what I'm about. (*He sits on stool near house, turns toward door as if waiting for ANN MARY to speak.*) I know what I'm doing. (*Not so loud.*) I'm master here. (*He looks at door uneasily. Rises.*) Always nagging at me when I'm in a peaceful mood meself. (*Starts toward well, turns and looks at door.*) You let her alone. (*Takes a step toward door.*) Ann Mary! (*Calmly.*) Ann Mary. (*Pause, he crosses to door, opens it a bit and peers in, then calls.*) Mary, sister!

ANN MARY (*in house, speaks in weak, tearful voice*). What is it?

COLUM. Come here.

ANN MARY *enters from house, crying; he meets her.*

COLUM. There, there, Ann Mary, darlin'. (*Takes her hand.*)

ANN MARY. I'll never say another word — (*Sobs.*)

COLUM. Now don't ye, don't ye! It's a bit excited I was and —

ANN MARY (*tearfully*). And will you promise to be peaceful?

COLUM. I am peaceful. The most peaceful man in Kildare. (*Sits at R.*) Now, sister darlin', sure we mustn't quarrel.

ANN MARY. (*Sits in front of well.*) I'm sure I don't want to.

COLUM. (*Smiles.*) And now the storm is over. I'll own, maybe, that I'm not quite strict enough with Rose.

ANN MARY. You are strict enough. You're just right, whatever Oonah Hannigan may be saying.

COLUM. Where is Rosie? Maybe I'd better be giving her a little talking to.

ANN MARY. She's gone to the postoffice. Maybe that's what she needs, a little talking to. But she always wheedles us and can twist the both of us around her little finger.

COLUM. I'll speak to her. I'll speak to her gravely and sternly like a father should. This young artist is with her too much. He's been here two months and I'm thinking his twisted ankle must be well by this time.

ANN MARY. Sure I think his heart is twisted worse than his ankle.

COLUM. I'll speak to the both of 'em. This picture painting has turned the girl's head. I'll be strict and stern. Leave it to me. I'll speak to me fine young lady and tell her what's what.

ANN MARY. That's right, Colum, tell her what the people of the parish are saying. Speak to her soundly.

COLUM. Did she ride to the postoffice?

ANN MARY. She did. On the roan mare. And she's been gone too long already. I'm that worried. There's half a dozen tinker men squatted in the quarry.

(The sound of a galloping horse is heard off L.)

COLUM *(crosses up to gate and looks off L.)*. Here she comes now. And galloping across the fields. She's riding like the wind.

ANN MARY *(crossing up to him, standing at his R. and looking off L.)*. My, look at her ride! That girl will break her neck some day.

COLUM. Not my Rosie. There's not a better horse-woman in all Ireland.

ANN MARY. But why does she cut across the fields? Why don't she keep to the road?

COLUM *(loudly)*. Why, do ye ask? Because she is

Rose Creigan, and she only knows one road in all the world, and that is a straight one, straight to our hearts.

ROSE (*heard outside L.*). Here, Shawn, Paddy, Mike, take the mare! Nunkie, where's Nunkie?

COLUM. Do ye hear that now? Not on the ground two minutes and she's calling for me.

ANN MARY (*comes down to seat in front of well*). Remember, you promised to be stern with her.

COLUM. (*Coming down in front of cottage.*) And that I will. Leave it all to me.

ROSE CREIGAN (*heard off L.*). Nunkie, and where are you hiding? Nunkie, Nunkie!

ROSE CREIGAN *enters gate with her arms full of wild flowers.*

COLUM. Here I am.

ROSE (*drops flowers, rushes to COLUM, grasps his two hands and whirls him around*). Oh, you should have been with me. I had the ride of me life. And a letter. And a letter from me brother. He's well, and he misses us, and he don't like Americky at all, at all, and it's coming home he is.

ANN MARY. Coming home?

ROSE (*rushes to ANN MARY*). Here's the letter, darlin'. Read it. He sends you a thousand kisses, and says that there's not a girl in all Americky as sweet and dear to him as you are.

ANN MARY. (*Delighted, she takes the letter.*) Blarney, blarney. Where's me spectacles? Where are they? Colum, don't stand there staring like an owl in a bog, get me spectacles. Let me see what the dear boy has said. (*Crosses to door of cottage.*) I'm going in to read the letter. Now's your chance, Colum, speak to her. And remember to be stern. Where's me spec-

tacles? Pegeen Burke, find me spectacles for me. Pegeen, I say. (*Exits into cottage.*)

ROSE (*picks up flowers and comes to COLUM*). And see what I've brought ye, Nunkie darlin'. Posies wet with the dew of St. Patrick's mornin'.

COLUM (*sternly*). Rose, come here.

ROSE. I am here. (*Innocently.*) And where did ye think I was?

COLUM. I want to speak to you seriously.

ROSE. Do ye now? Wait a moment until I pin this bit of a wild-rose onto your coat. All the girls will be crazy after you at the St. Patrick frolic this afternoon. You're the finest looking man in the village.

COLUM. Rose, where is Mr. Fitzgerald?

ROSE. Never a know do I know. He said he'd be over this morning to finish painting me picture.

COLUM. I'm thinking and your aunt is thinking and (*savagely*) half the parish is thinking that he's with you too much.

ROSE. Sure, I'm thinking that meself. And so I told him. Says I, "'Tis over two months since your ankle was twisted and you walk with a limp just for an excuse to be lingering here." Says he: "It's the truth, I want to be near you." Says I: "It's foolish you must be." Says he: "Foolish with love for you." And with that I run away, for there seemed nothing left for me to do.

COLUM. And what did he do?

ROSE (*pretending to think*). Let me see. What did he do? I don't remember exactly what he did do, but I think he ran after me.

COLUM. This affair must stop right here. It's gone far enough.

ROSE. Faith, I'm thinking it's gone too far already.

COLUM. This Mr. Fitzgerald is one of the richest men in all Dublin and a gentleman to boot.

ROSE. And what if he is?

COLUM. You are only a little country Rose.

ROSE. I'm a Creigan, a Creigan of Kildare, and a Creigan of Kildare is as good as any Fitzgerald that ever walked. Mind that, now!

COLUM. Yes, but he is only flirting with you.

ROSE. And maybe it's on my side that the flirting is.

COLUM. I have given you your own way too much. I haven't been stern enough with you.

ROSE. And are you going to lecture me on St. Patrick's Day? If you must be stern with me, wait till tomorrow. Come into the house and we'll have a bite and a sup and then you'll take me off to the frolic. And all the girls will say, "Will you look at the fine young fellow that Rose Creigan has this day." And the music will play. (*Hums tune.*) And I'll dance — and you'll stand opposite me like that, only you'll be laughing fit to kill, and you'll dance and we'll both dance together. Come on, now. (*Sings and dances.*) The other way! Hurray! (*Sings and dances and swings him around.*) And we'll be the merriest, happiest couple at the frolic.

COLUM (*releasing himself*). Have done with ye! Sure the whole parish is saying that ye twist me around your little finger.

ROSE. I don't. I don't twist ye at all. I just smile, and you're so good natured that you just seem to fall around me little finger. That's all there is to it.

Enter PEGEEN from cottage.

PEGEEN (*coming to COLUM*). Mr. McCormack, sor,

the boys are after waitin' in the room for their week's wages.

COLUM. Tell them I'll be there immediately.

PEGEEN. Yis, sor, I will, sor. (*Exits into cottage.*)

COLUM. I'll have another talk with you, me lady. And I'll warrant you'll not twist me around your finger then.

ROSE. Now, you're angry. (*Pause.*) Yes, you are. I know you are because you won't smile. And you don't love me any more. (*Pause.*) And I wish I was across the sea with me darlin' brother in the wilds of Buffalo, Americky, I do. He loves me, at least. (*Pause.*) He'll smile at me, sometimes. (*Pause.*) Nunkie, be good to me. (*He smiles and holds out his arms.*) I knew it, I knew it. (*Runs into his arms.*) Now you're not going to scold me any more. What do we care for what the parish says? Now, run along, and pay off the men. Then we'll go to the frolic.

COLUM. Rose, allanah, you've your own mother's ways with you. Sure I don't care if you twist me around every finger ye have in the world. I love ye more than all the earth.

ROSE. I know ye do. But run along now and pay the men.

COLUM. I'll do it. And we'll be the finest looking couple at the frolic. (*Exit into cottage.*)

ROSE (*slips off cloak and drops flowers, arranges stool in front of well*). Now, I've got to get ready to have me picture painted. Mr. Fitzgerald should be here by now. Mr. Fitzgerald! Maurice! Maurice Fitzgerald, what a pretty name that is — Maurice Fitzgerald! I wonder how it would seem to be called Mrs. Maurice Fitzgerald.

(MAURICE FITZGERALD is heard off L. singing "Peg o' My Heart," substituting the word "Rose" for the word "Peg." If this song is not available he may sing "My Wild Irish Rose" or some similar Irish love song.)

ROSE. My, what's all that noise. Sure, the pigs must have broken into the garden. (*Listens.*) It sounds like someone was in distress. (*Singing continues nearer.*) I'll sit here and pretend that I don't hear it. (*Sits R.*) My, what a lovely voice he has. No, I think I'll sit over here and pretend to be asleep. (*Crosses to L., sits and feigns sleep.*)

Enter MAURICE FITZGERALD from gate; he walks with a cane and limps slightly. He comes down C. and watches ROSE as he finishes chorus of song. Enter SHAWN MCGILLY carrying easel, paint box, awkwardly. He comes down R.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD. Will you look at that? The sleeping beauty.

SHAWN. Yis, sor; and I wish I was sleepin' meself.

MAURICE. Here, put the easel down here. (*At C.*) And the stool, here. (*Places stool near easel.*) And the paints here! (*On stool.*) And yourself in the house. (*Gives him coin.*)

SHAWN. (*Bites coin.*) Long life to yer honor, and may all your troubles in life be little ones. (*Crosses to door of cottage at R.*) I think I'll go in now and see if I cannot get some sleep. Sure, I've been hard at work since four o'clock in the mornin'. (*Exit R., yawning.*)

MAURICE (*looks at ROSE*). It's time to begin work on the picture and here she is asleep! (*Shakes her gently.*) Rose, Rose, wake up!

ROSE. Is it yourself, Maurice Fitzgerald?

MAURICE. It is — and you were asleep.

ROSE. And do you know of no other way to wake a young girl except by shakin' the breath out of her body?

MAURICE. Why, let me see — I might have awakened her with a kiss.

ROSE. Oh, I think I'll go to sleep again. (*Pretends to sleep.*)

MAURICE (*coming to her*). Then I would awaken you like this — (*Starts to kiss her.*)

ROSE (*merrily boxes his ears*). And I would reward you like this!

MAURICE. Rose, Rose, it's a wild-rose you'll be until your death, there's no taming you.

ROSE. Maybe you are not a good tamer. But if we are to have any picture painting today, let's begin. This afternoon is to be a St. Patrick's Day frolic and sorry a bit of painting will I let you do then.

MAURICE. Very well, let us begin. Take the pose.

ROSE. Must I pose the same way I did yesterday?

MAURICE. Yes. Right over here. (*She poses by well, he begins to paint.*)

ROSE. How is this? (*Poses.*)

MAURICE. That's just right. The expression is perfect. Hold it! Don't move. (*Paints rapidly.*)

ROSE (*after a slight pause*). Can't I move at all?

MAURICE. Not at all. Don't speak. It's simply perfect. That wild rose in your hair just matches the pink of your cheeks. I'll call the picture an Irish Rose. (*Paints as he speaks.*) Or maybe My Wild Irish Rose. Chin up, just a little; not too much — there! I have it. I'll call it Rose o' my Heart. The color is divine and the face is that of a goddess. And the dark shad-

ows in your hair and the deep violets in your eyes. Rose, I wonder if you know how beautiful you are. (*Quickly.*) Don't speak. Hold the pose.

ROSE (*desperately*). I've got to sneeze.

MAURICE. Do wild roses sneeze?

ROSE. Sure they do; whenever their noses begin to tickle.

MAURICE. Rose, you are the most beautiful girl in all the world.

ROSE. There, you've flattered all the sneeze away from me. I couldn't sneeze now if I wanted to.

MAURICE. All ready now. Take the same position.

ROSE. Must it be the same old position? And why couldn't I be after turnin' around the other way, just for a bit of a rest?

MAURICE (*painting*). I'm not making a moving picture. I've got to finish as I began.

ROSE. Then I'm sure I wish it was a moving picture. Then I could jump down like this. (*Does so.*) And skip across the turf like this, and maybe be pickin' a wee bit of a posey, like this.

MAURICE. But I can't paint you that way. I'm an artist, not a photographer.

ROSE. I wonder if you could make a tin-type of me. I'd love to have you make a tin-type and then everybody would know it was me. A man took a tin-type picture of me last year. I was standing by the cow and just as he took the picture what did the old cow do, but shake her tail a half dozen times. It's a lovely picture of me, but the owld cow has seven tails. Larry Finnigan gave the man sixpence for the picture and nailed it up over his bed. Sure he must have been awfully fond of the owld cow.

MAURICE. I'm thinking it was you he was so fond of.

ROSE. Are you now? (*Innocently.*) Do you rarely think that a young man could be fond of me?

MAURICE. It wouldn't be impossible.

ROSE. But not very probable. (*She comes and looks over his shoulder at the picture.*) What's that thing there? (*Points at picture.*)

MAURICE. That's a dimple.

ROSE. And have I got that? More than likely it's a bunch of freckles. And see the name you've put under the picture. Rose o' my Heart! Does that mean me?

MAURICE. No one else.

ROSE. Ain't that nice, now? And there are so many prettier girls in the parish. There's Monica Morarity and Katie Flynn and Ellen Blake and little Bell Flaherty. Bell's a very beautiful girl, Mr. Fitzgerald. She has red hair and light blue eyes. (*Pause.*) Now most men are fond of red hair and light blue eyes. (*Pause.*) Are you fond of that style of beauty, Mr. Fitzgerald?

MAURICE. I adore it. Especially the hair.

ROSE. (*Tosses head and crosses to R.*) Oh, ye do, do ye? Then I'd better be goin'. Maybe it's little Bell Flaherty that you can get to paint her picture. And every one in the whole parish knows she squints. (*Pause.*) So you are especially fond of red hair, are you?

MAURICE. I am fond of red hair, but it's nothing to be compared to black hair and blue eyes like yours.

ROSE. Blarney, it's laying it on thick you are.

MAURICE. (*Catching her hand.*) It's the truth, Rose. Rose o' my Heart! It's you I want, it's you I've longed for all my life.

ROSE. And you never laid your two eyes on me until two months ago.

MAURICE. I have lived an eternity in that time.

ROSE. I'm sorry the time has seemed so long to you.

MAURICE. Because in that time I have learned to hope, to dream of winning the real happiness, the one, true, deep unchangeable love of my life.

ROSE. Go on, don't stop there.

MAURICE. You have taught me to forget the shams and hypocrisy of the world, to know the difference between real and fancied love. Say what you will, I can only repeat that I love you, and that I shall love you always, whether you care for me or not, always, always, Rose o' my Heart!

ROSE. My, I never saw your like for eloquence or talk at all. But I don't think you ought to speak to me like this. In fact, I'm almost positive that you should not — and I don't think me uncle would like it at all.

MAURICE. He must like it. If you are sure that you care for me —

ROSE. But I'm not sure. Sometimes I think I do —

MAURICE (*eagerly*). Yes?

ROSE (*tartly*). And then sometimes I think I don't.

MAURICE. Why are you so cruel to me? Surely you must care for me a little. Tell me, Rose allanah, that you'll marry me.

ROSE. Indeed I won't. At least — not yet. It's all so sudden and so unexpected. Sure and I'm not accustomed to this sort of thing at all.

MAURICE. (*Taking her hand.*) Say the one little word to make me happy.

ROSE (*mischievously*). Will any little, old word do?

MAURICE. Say "yes," Rose.

ROSE. And suppose I say no. What then?

MAURICE (*slowly*). Why — then — then I would go away.

ROSE (*eagerly*). Oh, I don't want you to go away.

MAURICE. It's "yes" then?

ROSE. Yes. (*Gives him her two hands.*)

MAURICE. And now, won't you kiss me?

ROSE. Kiss you? No, I don't think I will. In all my life I've kissed so very few men. I don't think I'd like it. So if I can't be engaged to you without kissing, sure it's not engaged at all I'll be.

MAURICE (*sighs*). It shall be as you wish.

ROSE. And you don't mind?

MAURICE. Am I a stick or a stone, do you think? You are heartless — you are utterly indifferent to me.

ROSE. I don't believe in kissing. And just look at your arm.

MAURICE. Do you object?

ROSE. Not very much. And if I did, wouldn't you overrule the objection?

MAURICE. And you do care for me?

ROSE. I do, I do.

MAURICE. Then — (*taking her in his arms*).

ROSE. Oh, somebody is coming. (*Jumps away.*) No, I don't think they are at all. What were we talking about?

MAURICE. I was talking — I was saying — (*Takes her in his arms.*)

Enter COLUM from house at R.

COLUM. Rose, what is the meaning of this?

ROSE. The meaning, uncle? (*Comes close to him, cocks her head and looks up at him.*) Sure I think

the meaning is that you came in several minutes before you were expected.

COLUM. Sir, I must ask you to explain.

MAURICE. I was just asking Miss Creigan to become my wife.

ROSE (*at R.*). And I was just telling him I would if you had no objections.

MAURICE (*at L.*). And you will give us your consent, Mr. McCormack, won't you?

ROSE. Because if you don't, I'll never get married at all, at all, but live and die at your expense, an old maid.

COLUM (*at R. C.*). Rose, darlin', are you so anxious to leave us?

ROSE. No, I am not. But Mr. Fitzgerald could coax the blossoms off the tree.

COLUM. I'll go in and speak to me sister about this. Now mind, I don't give you any encouragement. But (*smiles*) maybe we can arrange things to suit your convenience. Rose, go to the foot of the grove and blow the horn for dinner.

MAURICE. Then I may have some hope, sir?

COLUM. I'll speak to me sister. (*Exit into house at R.*)

ROSE. It's as good as settled. And I'll have to settle down and be married. Oh, dear!

MAURICE. You sigh? I don't believe that you want to marry me after all.

ROSE. (*Quickly.*) Oh, yes, I do. But I hate to leave me uncle and me aunt and this little village that I have always known and loved. I'm afraid of the bigness of Dublin where all the houses are stuck close together, like that! (*Slaps hands.*) And where I can't gallop over the fields and do as I like at all.

MAURICE. You may gallop over all the fields you please.

ROSE. But you live in a grand hotel, don't you?

MAURICE. Not at all. It's a fine old house on the outskirts of the town, and we have twelve acres of ground.

ROSE (*astonished*). Twelve acres of ground in Dublin City? My, my! And how large is the house?

MAURICE. I think there must be about thirty rooms.

ROSE (*decisively*). I'll not marry you.

MAURICE. Rose!

ROSE. I'll not scrub and take care of thirty rooms for any man that ever lived.

MAURICE. (*Laughs.*) Oh, that won't be necessary. We have servants.

ROSE. But how can a couple of servants take care of thirty rooms and twelve acres of ground?

MAURICE. A couple of servants? We have at least twenty.

ROSE. Twenty? *Twenty?* You're only foolin' me.

MAURICE. Not at all. It's the truth.

ROSE. Twenty servants? My, my! But it's a lot of money you must have. Maybe I'm after marrying the Lord Mayor of Dublin?

MAURICE. You're only after marrying poor Maurice Fitzgerald, artist.

ROSE. And I wouldn't trade you for any other man in the whole world, mind that now! But with all your fine friends and relations in the city, it's ashamed you'll be of me and me country ways.

MAURICE. Never. With your face and your grace you'll be the hit of the season.

ROSE. And me brogue, don't forget me brogue.

MAURICE. You're equal to a queen upon her golden throne. (*Attempts to embrace her.*)

ROSE. (*Withdraws to down R.*) I think I'd better be calling the boys to dinner.

Enter PEGEEN from cottage at R. She comes down C.

PEGEEN (*to MAURICE who is at L. C.*). Mister Fitzgerald, sor, there is a man in the house to see you, sor.

MAURICE. A man to see me? Are you sure he wants to see me, Pegeen?

PEGEEN. I am that, sor. Mr. Fitzgerald, says himself, as plain as pikestaff.

MAURICE. And is he a gentleman from the city?

PEGEEN. I think he is, sor. He's all dressed in black and wears a big black shiny hat.

MAURICE. Ask him to step out here.

PEGEEN. Out here, is it, sor? In the barnyard?

MAURICE. Yes, this will do very well. Then we will not interfere with the boys at their dinner. Some agent, I suppose. Bring him here.

PEGEEN. Yes, sor, I will that, sor. (*Exit into cottage at R.*)

ROSE. And now I'll be calling the boys to dinner. (*Crosses to L.*)

MAURICE. But that kiss you promised me?

ROSE. You'll have to catch me first. (*Dodges around well.*)

MAURICE. It's not fair, and me with a twisted foot. (*Follows her.*)

ROSE. The kisses will keep. I'll be back in a few minutes. (*Laughs and runs out L. as —*)

PEGEEN enters from cottage at R., followed by MICHAEL PEPPERDINE.

PEGEEN (*points to MAURICE who is at L.*). And there he is, sor, as you can see for yourself.

MICHAEL PEPPERDINE (*comes down C.*). Thank you, my good girl. (*Gives her a coin.*)

PEGEEN (*at R.*). You're entirely welcome, sor, as the widdy-woman said when the circus clown kissed her. (*Crosses to cottage door.*) Yis, sor! (*Exits R.*)

PEPPERDINE. Mr. Fitzgerald, Maurice!

MAURICE. Why, Mr. Pepperdine, is it you? (*Shakes hands.*) What brings you to Kildare?

PEPPERDINE. Yourself. I have been searching over all of East Ireland for you for the past fortnight.

MAURICE. I've been here a couple of months. I sprained my ankle in a hole —

PEPPERDINE. Indeed. (*Comes closer to him.*) I have sad news for you, my boy.

MAURICE. Sad news, is it? Not Eileen? Nothing has happened to Eileen?

PEPPERDINE. Oh, no; your sister is quite well.

MAURICE (*with a sigh of relief*). Thank Heaven for that!

PEPPERDINE. It's your cousin —

MAURICE. Not Miles?

PEPPERDINE. No, not Miles, but Sir Harry Fitzgerald, your father's cousin.

MAURICE. I know Sir Harry only slightly. I haven't seen him for years.

PEPPERDINE. He is dead. He was thrown from his favorite horse two weeks ago last Sunday.

MAURICE. Was he now? Poor old man!

PEPPERDINE. And dying without issue the entire family estate and title revert to you as the next of kin.

MAURICE. To me?

PEPPERDINE. You are now Sir Maurice Fitzgerald.

MAURICE. Is it possible? Poor Sir Harry, poor lonely old bachelor!

PEPPERDINE. My car is here; you must return with me to Dublin.

MAURICE. Return to Dublin? Right away? (*Dinner horn heard in distance.*)

PEPPERDINE. At once.

MAURICE. Oh, but I'm afraid that is impossible.

PEPPERDINE. If you have entirely recovered from your sprain —

MAURICE. Sure I wasn't thinking of my sprain. In fact, Mr. Pepperdine, I am thinking of something entirely different. You see, I have a—, that is, there is a young lady here — that is, well I can't go at once.

PEPPERDINE. Oh, I understand. Some village colleen?

MAURICE. Yes, the most delightful girl in all the world. I have asked her to become my wife.

PEPPERDINE. To become Lady Fitzgerald?

MAURICE. I didn't know then that I was a baronet.

PEPPERDINE. Is it one of the Burns girls? I believe they have an estate somewhere in this vicinity.

MAURICE. No, it isn't anyone you would know. She is a Miss Creigan, the niece of Colum McCormack, the owner of this farm.

PEPPERDINE. The niece of a farmer? Oh, Sir Maurice!

MAURICE. And as sweet a girl as ever breathed and a lady if there ever was one.

PEPPERDINE. Maurice, your father was my best friend, my father and my father's father have served your family for generations; I hope you will not think that I am overstepping my bounds as your friend when I beg of you to reconsider this offer of marriage. The

young lady may be all you say she is, but think of the disparity in your stations. Surely you would not link the name of a simple country lass with that of the illustrious Fitzgerald? You have no father, no mother, let me stand in their stead, and plead with you to break off this entanglement.

MAURICE. I have asked Miss Creigan to become my wife.

PEPPERDINE. But now that you have succeeded to the title, now that you —

Enter ROSE from L., she comes down L. to MAURICE.

(Music an Irish love song until end of act.)

ROSE (*not seeing* PEPPERDINE). I have called the men to dinner and now we're all ready to go in.

MAURICE (*proudly and clearly*). Mr. Pepperdine, allow me to present Miss Creigan, my affianced wife.

PEPPERDINE. But, Sir Maurice —

MAURICE (*loudly*). My affianced wife, the future Lady Fitzgerald!

PEPPERDINE *stands at C., frowning.* MAURICE *at L. C. with head held high, and ROSE at L., looking at them in surprise.*

CURTAIN

MY IRISH ROSE

THE SECOND ACT

THE KERRY DANCE

SCENE: *The same as Act I and on the same day. Time about 3:00 p. m. The curtain rises to bright music, "The Kerry Dance," by Molloy, or some other Irish jig. The stage is bare, but voices are heard off L. singing the song that takes up the curtain. Also laughter and loud talking off L.*

Enter from gate at C. ROSE, MAURICE, ANN MARY, COLUM, PEGEEN, SHAWN, WIDOW, and a group of lads and lassies and lastly an old fiddler or piper. These characters all have hands joined and come dancing merrily in and make a complete circle of stage, all singing, etc. A large circle is formed with ROSE and MAURICE in Center and old FIDDLER fiddling down L. They dance around the engaged couple singing. Music stops. ANN MARY sinks in chair down L.

ANN MARY. Oh, wurry, let me get me breath! I'm too old for such foolishness.

COLUM. Nonsense, Ann Mary, you've the lightest foot of any girl in the village.

PEGEEN (*down R.*). Shawn McGilly, you've walked all over me feet. I never saw such a clumsy lout in all me life. You've mashed me feet entirely.

SHAWN. Come on, let's have another one. Get your partners. We'll dance the Kerry dance.

GIRLS. Oh, yes. Come on!

BOYS. The Kerry, the Kerry!

SHAWN. Take your places.

(*All form for a square dance, using one or two sets according to size of the stage. SHAWN calls quadrille. Fiddler plays. They dance. Note: Do not prolong this dance. Eight figures are sufficient.*)

WIDOW (*after dance*). And now we must go.

FIRST BOY. Long life to the engaged pair.

ALL. Hurray!

SHAWN. To Mr. Fitzgerald and Miss Rose! The bravest lad and the prettiest girl in all Kildare.

MAURICE. My friends, I thank you.

SHAWN. He thanks us. If you're about to make a speech, Mr. Fitzgerald, make it a short one.

PEGEEN. Shawn McGilly, hold your tongue.

MAURICE. I'll make no speech. I'll only say that I'm the happiest and luckiest man in all Ireland.

ALL. Hurray!

FIRST BOY. Good-bye, sor, and long life to you.

(ROSE, MAURICE, ANN MARY, COLUM and PEGEEN shake hands with BOYS and GIRLS as they exeunt at center gate.)

ANN MARY. (*Coming down R. briskly.*) Come, Pegeen, be stirring, we've frolicked half the day already. Shawn, there's work to be done.

SHAWN. More work. I've worked so hard now that I have scarce strength to stand.

COLUM. Shawn, come with me. We must look at the stables. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

SHAWN. Yes, sor, I'm coming, sor. (*Makes no move.*)

ANN MARY. Stir yourself, Shawn McGilly.

SHAWN. Stir meself, is it? And me already half dead with work.

ANN MARY. And what have you been doing the day?

SHAWN. What, do you ask? Sure there's not a man on the whole place, no nor any two of 'em, that could do the work I've done this day.

PEGEEN (*down R.*). Listen to the man!

SHAWN. What with weeding the garden and mending the pony-chaise, and working on the chicken house and picking the beans, and with a sick cow on me hands and four well ones, and two horses and a pony, and the whole place to look after, it's little time I've had to do anything else.

PEGEEN. You've been asleep and dreamed all this.

SHAWN. Never a dream. I'm a hard worked man, Miss Ann Mary, mum, so I am, mum.

ANN MARY. You've loafed and slept and danced the livelong day. (*SHAWN goes to sleep standing up.*) And it's Pegeen and myself who have done the work this morning. And you've done nothing but waste the time. I've no patience with you. (*She looks at him.*) And look at him now! Standin' there asleep while I'm talking to him. (*Takes stocking from her pocket and hits him with it across head.*) Right before me very face. Did you hear what I said?

SHAWN (*awakens*). Ivery word. Yes, mum. And I'm of the same opinion as yourself.

ANN MARY. Be off with you and get some water for Pegeen.

SHAWN. I'm going immediately. Will you come with me, Pegeen darlin', and help me wid the lift of the bucket?

PEGEEN. Of all things! (*Tosses her head.*) Me carry water for you? I will not.

ANN MARY. Of course she won't. Be a man, Shawn McGilly, and do a man's work.

MAURICE (*who has been standing near the wall and talking to ROSE, comes down C.*). Come along, Shawn, I'll help you.

SHAWN. Long life to you, sor. I knew someone would help me.

MAURICE. Come along, then. (*Takes his arm and runs him off L. 1 E.*)

ANN MARY. Pegeen, go in and see to the baking.

PEGEEN. Yes, mum. (*Crosses to door at R., turns.*) Sooner than marry a man as lazy as himself, I'd go down single to me grave. Yes, mum, I would that. (*Exit R.*)

ANN MARY (*sits down L. in front of well and knits*). Rose, darlin', why are you so still?

ROSE. I'm that happy, Aunt Ann Mary, that I can't talk. There's only one thing that troubles me. (*Comes to her and kneels at her feet.*)

ANN MARY. And what's that, mavourneen?

ROSE. It's about me brother Terry. Never a word does Mr. Fitzgerald know about him, at all.

ANN MARY. And it's just as well. Poor Terry is a hero to us and to all good sons of Kildare, but Mr. Fitzgerald belongs to the gentleman class and who knows what his prejudices may be? To him our Terry may seem like a rebel.

ROSE. Yes, it's true. Me poor brother is disgraced. And for what? Did he ever steal — or lie, or commit murder? He only insisted on the right of freemen of every nation to free speech. And what did they do, but put the black mark on him for it? And him a brave soldier. Oh, it's cruel, darlin', cruel.

ANN MARY. There was no crime against him.

ROSE. No, but it drove him to Americky for all that. My brother, a Creigan of Kildare, an exile.

ANN MARY. What's done cannot be undone, but you tell your Mr. Fitzgerald niver a word.

ROSE. But is it right for a wife to keep anything from a husband?

ANN MARY. What your husband don't know won't hurt him, remember that now!

ROSE (*rises*). I'll go and find Maurice.

ANN MARY. And remember, never a word about Terry.

ROSE. I'll do as you bid me. But, oh, I do wish me darlin' brother could be here for me wedding. (*Cross to L. 1 E. and turn.*) Then I'd be the happiest girl in all Ireland. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

Enter PEGEEN from the house with white pumps in her hand.

PEGEEN. Miss Ann Mary, mum!

ANN MARY. And what is it now, Pegeen Burke?

PEGEEN. It's these wee bits of shoes, mum. Does Miss Rose want me to be clanin' them, too?

ANN MARY. Of course she does. Wash them and dry them and then put on some white polish and leave them be. They're pumps.

PEGEEN (*slowly and stupidly*). What are they, mum?

ANN MARY. Pumps. Pumps to wear on your feet.

PEGEEN (*stupidly*). Pumps to wear on your feet, is it? (*Giggles.*) Pumps.

ANN MARY. Of course. Did you never see a lady's pump before?

PEGEEN. I've seen pumps, but whether they was lady pumps or man pumps, never a know do I know. But never did I hear a shoe called a pump before.

ANN MARY. They're dancing pumps.

PEGEEN. Dancing pumps? Since people have begun wearin' pumps on their feet, sure I'm thinking they'll be wearin' tubs on their heads next. Pumps! (*Giggles.*) If them are pumps, maybe these that I do be wearing are called cisterns. (*Giggles and sits R. polishing the slippers.*)

ANN MARY. Sure, she gets worse and worse every day she lives. Between her and Shawn McGilly it's worn to the grave I'll be.

Enter SHAWN MCGILLY running from L. 1 E. He runs down C. Ladies rise.

PEGEEN. Will ye look at Shawn!

ANN MARY. Shawn McGilly, man and boy I've known you forty year, but never before have I seen you run.

SHAWN. Let me get me breath. Oh, Miss Ann Mary, please mum, you ought to see what's beyant the hedge. It's the divil's own doings I've seen this day.

PEGEEN. Oh, what is it? What is it?

ANN MARY. What has frightened you?

SHAWN. It was a big jaunting-car, mum, as big as twenty churches, and it was running along down the road snorting out fire and brimstone!

PEGEEN. The Saints preserve us. (*Runs R. to ANN MARY.*)

SHAWN. And people was riding in it, and sorry a bit of horse or mule or goat was pulling it at all, at all.

PEGEEN. Oh my, oh my!

ANN MARY. Hush now, you foolish creature, belike it was one of those automobiles.

SHAWN. And it run right after me, Miss Ann Mary, mum, and niver in all my life had I seen the like of it.

And the quarest people were in it. Big, gogglety eyes they had, like that. (*Fists in eyes.*) And long robes like the priest in the chancel, and they're coming here.

PEGEEN. The Saints preserve us!

ANN MARY. Coming here?

PEGEEN. It's under the bed I'm going; and there I'll stay until the thing has left the village.

ANN MARY. But, Pegeen —

PEGEEN. Don't hold me, mum. Out of me way, Shawn McGilly, out of me way. 'Tis the divil himself you've seen this day. (*Loud toot of auto horn heard off L.*) Did ye hear that? 'Tis the trump of doom. Out of me way, out of me way. (*Rushes into cottage at R.*)

ANN MARY. And you let a little thing like that scare you?

SHAWN. I'm not scared, I'm only a little frightened, that's all. What wid the fire and the smoke and the smell and the blowin' of the horn, it was an awful thing.

ANN MARY. It is simply some tourists in an automobile.

SHAWN. Is it now? I'll just go out and ask them what their business is.

(*Starts off C. Loud toot of horn, he runs to ANN MARY.*) Och, Miss Ann Mary, and did ye hear that?

ANN MARY. Sure, I think that you're as big a coward as is Pegeen Burke.

Enter ARCHIBALD PENNYWITT from C. gate.

SHAWN. Oh, look at it, look at it. I niver thought I'd live to see one of thim. He's got the gogglety eyes and the horns. But where is his red-hot pitchfork and his long tail at all, at all?

ANN MARY. Whist! Hold your tongue.

ARCHIBALD PENNYWITT. Excuse me, my good woman, but we've had a breakdown.

SHAWN. (*Frightened, down R.*) He says he's had a breakdown! (*Trembles.*)

PENNY. (*At C.*) Could we stop here for a few moments until our car can be repaired?

ANN MARY. Indeed you can. (*Crosses to cottage door.*) Come in and welcome.

PENNY. Thank you. If you will only allow the ladies to rest here —

ANN MARY (*in doorway*). Ladies, is it? Bring them in at once. (*Comes to R. C.*) Shawn McGilly, don't be standing there like an owl in a bog. Stir yourself and offer to help the gentleman.

SHAWN. Yis, mum; I will that, mum. Can I help you, sor?

PENNY. Yes. Come with me. (*Exit at C. gate.*)

SHAWN. Yes, sor. (*Follows him, trembling.*) I'll not touch that thing wid the smoke and the smell for a barrel of money, but I'll go wid you, I'll go wid you. (*Exit C.*)

ANN MARY (*at R. C.*). Pegeen! Pegeen Burke, where are you?

PEGEEN (*sticks her head in from cottage door*). Yes, mum. What is it, mum? Is it gone? And did he have a pitchfork, mum?

ANN MARY. Such nonsense. Come with me and prepare some tea for the ladies. (*Exit R. into house, followed by PEGEEN.*)

Enter from C. gate LADY AGNES BARRICKLOW,
EILEEN FITZGERALD and PENNY.

EILEEN FITZGERALD (*coming down L.*). Such an unfortunate accident.

AGNES BARRICKLOW. Do hurry, Archie, don't keep us here any longer than you can help. (*Looks around.*) Heavens, what a place.

EILEEN. I think it's rather pretty. Look at the house and the roses on the old stone wall. Simple and rustic. It's a picture.

AGNES. It may be, but it's not to my taste. Come, Archie, get some of the rustics to repair the car at once.

PENNY. They're working on it now. You know, I think they can do it. The lady of the house said you could rest in there. Jolly little place, I think, rustic simplicity and all that, you know!

Enter PEGEEN from house.

PEGEEN. Miss Ann Mary says for you to come in and welcome.

EILEEN. Thank you. What a lovely view you have here.

PEGEEN (*not comprehending*). Yes, mum, I think it is.

PENNY. Aw, my good girl, I suppose you can see as far as America on a clear day.

PEGEEN. Yes, sor, we can. And on a clear night we can see even farther.

PENNY. Indeed? By Jove!

PEGEEN. On a clear night, sor, we can see as far as the moon. (*Exit R.*)

EILEEN (*laughs*). She had you there, Archie.

PENNY (*puzzled*). As far as the moon? By Jove, I wonder what she meant by that. I say, what are you laughing at — what is the joke?

EILEEN (*laughs*). You are, Archie, and don't know it.

PENNY. Oh, I say now! I wish you girls wouldn't spoof me so, you know!

Enter WIDOW from gate C. She comes down C.

WIDOW. (*After a low courtesy to AGNES, who is down L.*). How do you do, ma'am! (*Low courtesy to EILEEN, who is down R.*) And you, ma'am. (*Similar business to PENNY., who is L. C.*) And you, sor. 'Tis fine weather we're having for the time of year.

EILEEN. It is so.

WIDOW. I saw you go by me house in your jaunting-car, and I saw you stop here, so I says to myself, says I, Oonah — me name is Oonah Hannigan and I'm a widow-lady — Oonah, says I, run over and see whatever all the excitement is about at the McCormacks'. So here I am.

AGNES (*haughtily*). Yes, so we see.

WIDOW (*unabashed*). And would you have any objection to telling me what you are here at the McCormacks' for?

AGNES. I don't think it concerns you.

WIDOW. Oh, indade and it does. I'm the lady of quality of the village and whinever any quality stops here, it's ginerally me they come to see.

EILEEN. Indeed, we are honored to make your acquaintance.

WIDOW. I thought you'd be. My house is just there beyant; I'd be plased to have you stop and make me a bit of a visit also.

AGNES. We are making no visits.

WIDOW. Oh, indade. And then are you selling something? Or maybe just advertising?

AGNES. Impertinent.

PENNY. By Jove! Awfully funny, you know; she thinks we are advertising.

WIDOW. You see I always like to keep in touch with what is going on.

EILEEN. Yes, so we see.

WIDOW. I hope you'll not think me inquisitive.

EILEEN. Oh, no; not at all.

WIDOW. There's no woman in the county who is less inquisitive than meself. I'm simply curious, that's all. Did ye come from Belfast?

AGNES. Where we came from, and where we are going concerns no one but ourselves. You probably do not realize it, but you are most vulgarly intrusive.

WIDOW. I don't know what ye mane, but I gather from your tone that you are not pleased to meet me.

AGNES. Your powers of perception do you credit.

WIDOW. I never heard so many long words in all me life. Sure you must be having a sore throat, ma'am, after using them. But don't think I am angry. I love to hear you talk. The big words roll out of your mouth like a bunch of pertaties being poured from one barrel into another. Say some more.

AGNES. You will greatly oblige us, by going away and attending to your own affairs.

WIDOW (*angrily*). Indeed, ma'am! I'd have ye know that I am the lady of the village and that I have money in the bank. Yes, ma'am, money in the bank.

EILEEN. Come, Archie, we'll see if they have repaired the car.

PENNY. Aw, yes. We'll go at once. (*They cross to gate.*)

WIDOW. And I'll go with ye, if you don't mind.

I've always wanted to see one of those automobilions at close range.

EILEEN. We're delighted, I'm sure.

PENNY. Awfully good of you, you know.

WIDOW. Oh, don't mention it. I always like to be obliging.

EILEEN. Come along then. (*Exits at gate C.*)

PENNY. Aw, yes, it's a free show, you know. (*Exit C.*)

WIDOW. (*To AGNES.*) And as for you, ma'am, I don't know who you are nor what you are selling, but (*snaps her fingers*) that for you! (*Crosses to gate, turns.*) And that for you. (*Snaps fingers and exits C., tossing her head.*)

AGNES (*notices picture on easel, sneers*). Humph! Some wandering village artist. (*Comes to picture and examines it.*) Pretty — very pretty, and the face is excellent. It reminds me of Fitzgerald's work. (*Looks at picture closely.*) It is! Here's his signature, M. F.—Maurice Fitzgerald. So this is where he's been hiding for the past two months. And this girl is evidently the reason. (*Reads title of picture.*) "Rose o' my Heart!" How poetical. I wonder if Maurice has fallen in love with this rustic beauty. I must look into this.

Enter PENNY from C. gate.

PENNY. The car is repaired. Come on, Lady Agnes, we'll have to hurry if we reach Dublin by night-fall.

AGNES (*at L. C.*). I've decided not to go to Dublin tonight.

PENNY. Not to go? But I thought —

AGNES. We'll remain here for the night.

PENNY. Here? *Here?* In this beastly place? And miss the grand ball? Why, Lady Agnes, I thought you were in such a hurry to be on our way.

AGNES. So I was, but I've changed my mind.

PENNY. Yes, but, by Jove! —

AGNES (*sharply*). Go and find Eileen and tell her to come here. I have a headache. I'm too tired to continue the journey.

PENNY. But, I say, you know —

AGNES. That will do. Do as I bid you.

PENNY. Yes, but by Jove, I hate to miss that ball, you know. It's confoundedly inconvenient, you know, to stop here all night.

AGNES. If you won't find Eileen for me, I suppose I must find her for myself.

PENNY. Oh, I'll find her for you, but really, you know —

AGNES (*sharply*). Yes, I know. I know we'll stay here for the night. —

PENNY. Oh, I say —

AGNES (*impatiently*). Are you ever going?

PENNY. Oh, yes; just starting, you know. Funny idea staying in this bally place all night, you know. (*Exit at C. gate.*)

AGNES (*looking at the picture*). She has a pretty face. I wonder if Maurice has made a fool of himself. He must be mine. As a mere artist with a moderate income he was quite impossible, but as Sir Maurice Fitzgerald — well, that is quite another matter. He cared for me once, and I will win him back, I will win him back.

Enter PEGEEN from cottage at R.

PEGEEN. It's all ready for you, mum; the tea, I mean.

AGNES (*at L. C.*). Come here, my good girl.

PEGEEN (*crosses to C.*). Yes, mum, I'm here.

AGNES. This picture — who painted it?

PEGEEN. A young man painted it. Yes, mum, a young man.

AGNES. And what is his name?

PEGEEN. His name, is it?

AGNES (*impatiently*). Yes, his name. Who is he?

PEGEEN. He's a gentleman from Dublin, mum, his name's Fitzgerald.

AGNES (*to herself*). I knew it, I knew it!

PEGEEN. Then what were ye askin' me for, mum?

AGNES. And where is he now?

PEGEEN. Never a know do I know where he is. I've got a young man of me own, and have no time to be looking after others.

AGNES. And who is the girl in the picture?

PEGEEN. That's the young lady of the farm, mum. Miss Creigan she is. Miss Rose Creigan, God be with her always.

AGNES. She's rather pretty.

PEGEEN. Rather pretty, is it? Sure, she is. Folks do be saying that she's the most beautiful girl in all Ireland, but that's a matter of taste, as the owld woman said when she put sugar on her pertaties.

AGNES. I suppose that Mr. Fitzgerald is captivated by this rustic beauty?

PEGEEN. If he's captivated, I don't know. But I *do* know that he worships the very ground upon which she treads, and it's my opinion that there'll be a wedding here at the farm before frost.

AGNES. A wedding? Impossible.

PEGEEN. No, mum. Begging your pardon, mum, but it's not impossible at all, at all.

AGNES. But he is a gentleman, rich, educated and cultured.

PEGEEN. That would make no difference to Miss Rose, mum, if she loved him. She'd never let a little thing like that stand in her way.

AGNES. Tell the mistress of the house that I want to see her.

PEGEEN (*staring at AGNES' dress*). Yes, mum. I'll do that, mum.

AGNES. Well, do so at once.

PEGEEN (*still staring*). Yis, mum, in a minute, mum.

AGNES. What are you staring at?

PEGEEN. I'm not staring, mum; I'm just admiring the gown you've got on, mum; with the ribbons and the silk and all the fixings, mum, I suppose it was expensive?

AGNES. That will do.

PEGEEN. Yes, mum; that's what I think, too. If Shawn McGilly ever saw me wearing the like of that dress, it's a bride I'd be before Michaelmas. (*Crosses to door at R.*) Fine feathers certainly do make fine birds. (*Exit into house at R.*)

Enter EILEEN from gate at C.

EILEEN (*coming down C.*). Did you want me, Agnes?

AGNES. Yes, dear. I feel one of my wretched headaches coming on, and I am quite too tired to attempt to ride to Dublin tonight.

EILEEN. But could we stay here?

AGNES. I think so. The place seems to be quite a prosperous farm. The girl said she had some tea for us, let us see if we can't make arrangements to stay

until morning, and then go up the Rocky Way when it is cool.

Enter PENNY from gate at C.

PENNY. (*Up by gate.*) I say, have you quite made up your minds to stop here?

AGNES. Quite, unless Eileen insists upon going to town.

EILEEN. Oh, dear, no. Let us stay by all means. I hope your head will be better, dear.

PENNY. But, I say, my dear Lady Agnes, that dance tonight —

AGNES. Oh, bother the dance! Eileen, take the creature in and feed him some tea.

PENNY. But, I say, by Jove —

EILEEN (*crosses to door at R.*). Come along, Archibald. Come in and have a sup of tay wid your owld frinds. (*Laughs and exits into cottage at R.*)

PENNY. But you know I don't fancy anything like this at all. Oh, why did I ever leave dear old England to tour among these blasted hills. (*Cross to door at R., turn.*) Bally uncomfortable, you know! (*Exit R.*)

(*ROSE heard off L., singing a lively Irish air, probably "Cruiskeen Lawn."*)

AGNES (*muses*). Rose o' my Heart he calls her. And Maurice Fitzgerald is just the man to be captivated by a pretty face. (*Singing is heard off L. louder than before; Agnes looks off L., crossing up to gate.*) She is coming. The same face as the picture. Pretty, to be sure, but a common, bog-trotting peasant for all that!

Enter ROSE from C. gate finishing her song.

AGNES (*at L. C.*). Good morning, my good girl.

ROSE (*at C.*). Good morning.

AGNES. Have you seen anything of Sir Maurice this morning?

ROSE. Sir Maurice, is it?

AGNES (*proudly*). I believe I made myself plain.

ROSE (*looks at her a moment in surprise, then says roguishly*). Indeed, and I'm thinking, ma'am, that it was old Mother Nature that made you plain.

AGNES (*angrily*). How dare you!

ROSE (*not at all disturbed*). If you are looking for Mr. Fitzgerald, you'll find him there in the meadow. He's painting a picture of the cow.

AGNES. Thank you.

ROSE. Oh, don't mention it. He's nearly finished and will be here directly.

AGNES. We have driven down for him. He's to go back to Dublin with us.

ROSE (*slowly and with an effort*). To go — back — to Dublin?

AGNES. Yes. His fiancée is here with us.

ROSE. His fiancée? Mr. Fitzgerald's fiancée?

AGNES. Yes, the young lady he means to marry. She is there in the house waiting for him.

ROSE. I don't believe you.

AGNES (*sharply*). What!

ROSE. Mr. Fitzgerald isn't going to marry any young lady there in the house. It isn't true, it isn't true.

AGNES (*sneers*). Oh, and isn't it? He has been engaged for over a year and the wedding is to take place next month. She is here. You may see for

yourself. Probably he has been making love to you. Maurice always *was* captivated by a pretty face.

ROSE. I don't know what you mean.

AGNES (*comes closer to her*). Oh, yes, you do. I saw that picture there; he's been at his old tricks again.

ROSE. I won't listen to you.

AGNES. You know that he is a gentleman. A flirtation with a girl in your class is but the amusement of an idle hour for him, but for you, it may mean the repentance of a miserable life.

ROSE. But I am to be his wife.

AGNES. My poor girl. My poor, poor girl!

ROSE. I don't understand you.

AGNES. Has he made you a promise? If so, release him at once. Such a marriage would be wretchedness for you both. He would be ashamed of you in a month, would blush for your ignorance before his friends. But he cannot be serious. Wait here and you will see him greet his sweetheart.

MAURICE (*off L.*). Rose, Rose, where are you?

AGNES. His voice. Come with me; we will stand behind the wall and you may see his perfidy for yourself.

ROSE (*in anguish*). It can't be true. Oh, it can't be true.

MAURICE. Rose, where are you? (*Voice heard off L. somewhat nearer.*)

AGNES. He's here. Quick. (*Takes ROSE's hand, they hide behind wall.*)

Enter MAURICE from L. 1 E.

MAURICE. Rose, Rose allanah, don't be teasing me. Rose o' my Heart!

Enter EILEEN from cottage at R.

EILEEN (*coming to C. without seeing MAURICE*). Agnes, are you there? (*Sees MAURICE.*) Oh, I beg your pardon —

MAURICE (*turns to her*). Eileen!

EILEEN. Maurice, is it you? (*Rushes into his arms at C.*) Oh, we've found you at last, we've found you at last.

MAURICE. What are you doing here?

EILEEN. Our car broke down. We were on our way to Dublin.

MAURICE (*drawing her arm through his*). Come into the house.

EILEEN. Archibald and Agnes are with me. Oh, it's so good to see you again. (*They exeunt at R. into cottage.*)

ROSE (*coming down C. and speaking with emotion*). Oh, it's true, it's true.

Enter COLUM from house at R.

COLUM (*meeting ROSE at C.*). Rose, dear, what is it? Sure what's wrong?

AGNES (*comes down L.*). Don't tell him.

ROSE. Oh, uncle, take me away; my heart is breaking, my heart is breaking.

COLUM (*soothingly*). Is it now? A bit of a lover's quarrel. Where is Fitzgerald? I'll make it right in a twinkling.

ROSE (*down R. with COLUM*). Oh, I never want to see his face again. He's engaged to another girl. I saw her in his arms.

COLUM (*enraged, loudly*). Is it the truth you're

speaking? Engaged to another girl. Where is he? Let me at him! (*Starts R.*)

ROSE (*clinging to him*). Stop, where are you going?

COLUM. I'm going to have it out with me fine young gentleman.

ROSE. No, no. Haven't I been humiliated enough? Let them go away.

Enter PENNY from house at R. Music, Irish love song.

PENNY (*coming down C.*). Lady Agnes, Miss Eileen is asking for you. What do you think? Maurice is here. (*Crosses L. to her.*)

AGNES (*taking his arm*). Come, let us get away from here.

COLUM (*loudly*). One moment, sir. Are these young ladies with you?

PENNY. Yes, sir, they are.

COLUM (*loudly*). Then take them from me house, and with them take your fine young Dublin gentleman. Away with all of ye. (*At R. C.*)

ROSE (*at R.*). Uncle!

PENNY. By Jove, what does he mean, Lady Agnes? (*At L. C.*)

COLUM (*at R. C.*). I am master here. There is the road. Now all of ye get off of my premises.

PENNY (*to AGNES*). And just as Eileen has found her brother.

AGNES. Hush, Archibald. Come with me. (*Takes his arm.*)

COLUM (*astonished*). Her brother? Is Mr. Fitzgerald her brother?

ROSE (*coming to R. C., COLUM goes to R.*). His sister?

AGNES. Archibald, you are making a fool of yourself.

ROSE. Begging your pardon, ma'am, but I'm thinking that it is you he's made the fool of.

PENNY. (*At L. with AGNES.*) Of course he is her brother.

Enter MAURICE and EILEEN from R., MAURICE goes to ROSE, EILEEN stays by cottage door.

MAURICE. Here she is now. Miss Creigan, this is my sister. Eileen, this is Miss Creigan, Rose, Rose o' my Heart! (*Embraces ROSE.*)

Music swells loud.

AGNES down L. with baffled expression. PENNYWITT L. C. looks surprised. ROSE and MAURICE at C. COLUM, down R., smiles broadly and EILEEN at R. C. smiles pleasantly.

CURTAIN.

MY IRISH ROSE

THE THIRD ACT.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

FIRST SCENE: *The library of Fitzgerald's house in Dublin. The furniture and hangings are handsome and sombre. The time is late in the afternoon in early summer, about one year later than Acts I and II. The afternoon sun pours in a crimson stream upon the stage from the large bay window up L. Entrances R. and L. and a flight of stairs may appear up R., leading up and off R. with bannisters, double lights, etc. (This is not necessary, but very effective.) Large table down C. covered with books, magazines, etc., and on it is a tall vase full of dark red long-stemmed roses. Large chairs at R. and L. of this table. Couch or settee down R. Fireplace down L. (not necessary). Palms and beautiful dark set of library furniture.*

ROSE discovered standing to L. of table with red rose in her hand. The sunlight streams in upon her. She half faces the audience and has her head slightly bent smelling the rose. Plaintive music, "Last Rose of Summer," to take up the curtain.

ROSE (holds tableau until curtain is well up, then rings small hand-bell on table). They've all gone off and left me alone. And it was just as well, for I never could learn to play whist if me life depended upon it. I never can remember whether it's spades or jacks or aces is trumps, and sometimes it's no trump at all. I

fear I never was intended by nature to be a fine lady at all, at all.

Enter PEGEEN from L. She comes down C.

PEGEEN. Did you ring for me, me lady?

ROSE. Yes. Where have you been?

PEGEEN. I've been having a lovely stroll in the park with Jeems, the footman. He's a lovely man is Jeems, my lady. Nothing at all like the country clowns I used to know at home.

ROSE. Ah, the city life has indeed changed you.

PEGEEN. Sure, it has. Here I have nothing to do but to take care of me complexion, dress four times a day, and improve me mind. Oh, me lady, I never was so happy in all me life.

ROSE. And the old days are completely forgotten?

PEGEEN. Indeed they are.

ROSE. And yet it's only a few months since you left the farm.

PEGEEN. It's over a year, my lady.

ROSE. And you are happy here, Pegeen?

PEGEEN. Happy is no word for it, I'm simply intoxicated wid it.

ROSE. We are so different, Pegeen. Faith I think you were more fitted to be Lady Fitzgerald than I was.

PEGEEN. If you'll excuse me, me lady, I think you are not uppish enough.

ROSE. Tell me me faults, Pegeen.

PEGEEN. In the first place you shouldn't be callin' me Pegeen. It's Burke you should say. Pegeen shows too much familiarity.

ROSE (*meekly*). Very well, Pegeen; I mean Burke. What else?

PEGEEN. And you don't dress half fine enough.

Wid all your beautiful dresses and gowns and their trimmings and all from Paris, you always choose the very simplest. And you don't talk fine enough. Learn a lot of big words like impossible and extraneous and atrocious and fling them about on all occasions.

ROSE. I'll try to do it.

PEGEEN. And you must sit up later at night, and lie in bed longer in the morning. That's the style in the city. And you must hold yourself as high as a queen, and hold all others as low as a blackamoor in Afriky. If you want a model there's Lady Barricklow, who is visitin' Miss Eileen, she is most supercilious.

ROSE. I have no desire to resemble Lady Agnes in any particular.

PEGEEN. And ye must learn to talk Frinch and Italian and Spanish. And to play cards and smoke cigaroots, and to play on the pianny and the mouth-harp, and to sing the opera songs, and to learn the latest dances.

ROSE. Oh, I fear I never shall be able to do all of that, Pegeen. But get me my French grammar, I'll study that a little. I'm so happy today that I'll make a bad student, I fear. Only think, Pegeen darlin', me dear brother has come home and is here in Dublin this very day.

PEGEEN. And his case comes up this morning. I suppose Mr. McCormack will be bringing him here as soon as they set him free.

ROSE. Yes. Oh, Pegeen, it's been nearly a year since I've seen my uncle, and it seems an eternity since I've seen Terry.

PEGEEN. And what will Sir Maurice be saying to your brother?

ROSE. He doesn't know anything about him. He

doesn't even know that I am related to the famous patriot, Terrence Creigan. I'm going to surprise him and introduce him to me brother tonight.

PEGEEN. But suppose they won't right the wrong done Mr. Terry?

ROSE. Oh, they couldn't be that cruel. But I won't think of it. Get me book. I'll study me French and surprise me brother when he comes.

PEGEEN (*gets book from small table at rear*). Here it is, me lady.

ROSE. Now go and lay out me finest ball dress. I've decided to go to the ball tonight and I want to dazzle Terry.

PEGEEN. Yis, me lady. (*Crosses to door at L., turns.*) You'll be the grandest lady in all Dublin if you'll only follow me advice. (*Exit L.*)

ROSE. Lady Agnes is always twitting me and snubbing me on account of me country manners and me lack of education. I'll show her. Sure, I'll learn to talk French with the best of 'em. (*Studies.*) Bong jower, monseer! That manes howdy-do. Bong jower, monseer. My, my, but it twists one's tongue to get it out. Why can't they talk like dacent folks and say "The top of the mornin'," when they want to.

PEPPERDINE *appears at door R.*

PEPPERDINE. May I come in?

ROSE. (*Rises.*) If it ain't Mr. Pepperdine. I thought you went to the whist party with the rest of them. Oh, I'm forgetting me manners. (*Speaks in affected society tone.*) Bong jower, monseer! I trust you are well. And isn't it atrocious weather we're having for this time of year?

PEPPERDINE (*meeting her at C. of stage*). Dreadful.

ROSE. I didn't see you at Lady Clancarty's tea, nor yet at the races. I sincerely trust you haven't been indisposed?

PEPPERDINE. On the contrary, Lady Rose, I've been quite well.

ROSE. Can't I give you some tea or something?

PEPPERDINE. Nothing at all, thank you. Is Sir Maurice at home?

ROSE. Sure, and he is not. (*Resuming her natural tones.*) I can't keep up the fine lady business any longer. Come here and sit down and tell me the news. (*They sit.*)

PEPPERDINE. There's very little to tell. Oh, yes, that young patriot Terrence Creigan has been reinstated.

ROSE. Reinstated! And what is reinstated?

PEPPERDINE. Released from all charges against him.

ROSE. Then he is free?

PEPPERDINE. As you or me. Only he must engage in no more ructions.

ROSE. Oh, I am so glad. Excuse me excitement, Mr. Pepperdine, but he's a — that is, he's a — he's a frind of mine. Oh, I'm so flustrated. You see I've been taking lessons in French and dancing and piano-playing and Heaven only knows what else, till it's worn to a bone I am completely. And I'm trying so hard to learn society manners.

PEPPERDINE. Why not be just your natural self?

ROSE. And do you like me natural self better than me society manners?

PEPPERDINE. Decidedly better.

ROSE. Sure, that's what I think meself. But Sir Maurice and Lady Agnes want me to talk French and cultivate repose. I can't talk French. I don't want to talk French. Whatever is the use of saying "Bong jower, monseer!" when an Irish brogue and an Irish heart is waitin' and ready to give you an Irish welcome?

PEPPERDINE. No use at all. But I'll step in the conservatory and smoke until Sir Maurice arrives. He'll come in presently, won't he?

ROSE. Oh, yes. I expect him any minute now.

PEPPERDINE. I know the way. Just tell him I'm in here. (*Exit L.*)

ROSE. Make yourself right at home. I'll send Jeems to you with some cigars and some punch. Oh, me brother's free at last, and they're coming here. I'll see Terry and Nunkie again. I could dance for joy. (*Changes tone to society voice.*) But that wouldn't be ladylike. Lady Rose Fitzgerald dancing? Atrocious!

Enter PEGEEN from L.

PEGEEN. If you please, me lady, your new dress is ready.

ROSE (*society voice*). Ah, yes, me good girl. I suppose I must dress for dinner. It's such a bore.

PEGEEN. Why, whatever has come over you? Are you sick?

ROSE (*natural voice*). No, Pegeen, I'm just practising me society tone. Come on, Peg, we'll try on the new dress. (*Runs to door L.*) I hope it will astonish them, for I mean to be the belle of the ball. (*Exit L.*)

PEGEEN. And so she will, for the Dublin gentility are sick of society, and will gladly welcome a little country Rose. (*Exit L.*)

Enter PENNY, EILEEN and AGNES from R.

PENNY. My dear Miss Eileen, here we are at home again.

EILEEN. (*Down R.*) Why, so we are. How very surprising.

PENNY. (*At C.*) Oh, by Jove, you know what I mean, you know.

AGNES. (*Down L.*) Oh, yes; you are so delightfully clear.

PENNY. (*To EILEEN.*) This is the first time I've ever visited your Dublin house. (*AGNES picks up magazine and reads.*)

EILEEN. And do you like it?

PENNY. Immensely. The grounds, you know — and the delightful old dairy where they make butter and milk and things, you know — and the delightful old castle. I'm awfully fond of it, you know.

EILEEN. I hope you rested well last night.

PENNY. Well — er — there's a remarkably hoarse watch-dog, you know, and he seems to be suffering from chronic bronchitis. I think he had a personal spite at the moon last night. And the dear little roosters, you know, they were crowing since 3 A. M.

EILEEN. I'm awfully sorry, you know. You simply must get your beauty sleep, Mr. Pennywitt.

PENNY. My beauty sleep? Aw — now you're spoofing me, you know. And that's not kind. I hoped to make quite an impression on you, by Jove, I did. For you've made an awfully marked impression on me. You have, really.

AGNES (*rises*). Come, Eileen, it's time to dress for dinner.

EILEEN. So it is. (*Crosses to AGNES at L.*)

PENNY. But I was just about to remark, you know —

AGNES. Keep it until after dinner, Mr. Pennywitt. Come, Eileen. (*Exit L.*)

PENNY. Horribly rude. Miss Eileen, do you think you'd like to live in England?

EILEEN (*surprised*). In England? Why, I never thought of such a thing.

PENNY. But you might, you know. I'd deucedly like to have you, you know. (*Kneels carefully on handkerchief.*) I love you, and all that sort of thing, you know.

EILEEN. Oh, Mr. Pennywitt, is this a proposal?

PENNY. Yes, my heart is telling me —

AGNES (*outside L.*). Eileen!

EILEEN. Oh, I mustn't listen now. Wait till after dinner. (*Exits L.*)

PENNY. (*Rising.*) By Jove, awfully uncomfortable, you know. And just as she was about to accept me, too. Agnes is entirely too dictatorial, and all that sort of thing. I'll dress for dinner and then after dinner I'll propose again, you know. (*Exit L.*)

Enter MAURICE from R.

MAURICE. (*Rings bell on table.*) I wonder where my little Rose can be hiding?

Enter PEGEEN from L.

PEGEEN. If you please, sor, Mr. Pepperdine do be waiting for you in the conservatory.

MAURICE. Ask him to step in here, Pegeen.

PEGEEN. Yes, sor. (*Exits L.*)

MAURICE. I wonder what he has learned.

Enter PEPPERDINE from L.

PEPPERDINE. Ah, Sir Maurice!

MAURICE (*shaking hands with him at C.*). I hope you haven't been waiting long, Mr. Pepperdine?

PEPPERDINE. Not at all. I came straight from the re-hearing.

MAURICE. And what have you learned? Is there any connection between this Terrence Creigan and my wife?

PEPPERDINE. There can be no doubt about it, Sir Maurice. I have made diligent inquiry and am convinced that this young patriot is Lady Rose's own brother.

MAURICE (*surprised*). Indeed? It is strange that no one has ever mentioned the fact to me.

PEPPERDINE. When you first met her he was an exile in America. Maybe she feared to have you learn of the relationship.

MAURICE. When did he return to Ireland?

PEPPERDINE. Last week. He was requested to return to Ireland as important evidence had come to light; in fact, the officer who brought the charges against him is now himself a fugitive. The formal inquiry came off this morning.

MAURICE. And what was the result?

PEPPERDINE. He was exonerated and restored to his rank, but in view of certain remarks he made about the government he will not be restored to active service for a year.

MAURICE. He ought to be restored immediately.

PEPPERDINE. It might be arranged, Sir Maurice.

MAURICE. If he is my wife's brother I shall leave no stone unturned until he is righted.

PEPPERDINE. Probably if you saw the general —

MAURICE. The very thing. Sir Damon was my father's closest friend. Surely he will grant me this small favor.

PEPPERDINE. Of course he will.

MAURICE. I'll drive over and see him immediately after dinner.

PEPPERDINE. But Sir Damon left for Belfast this morning.

MAURICE. Then I'll go to Belfast tonight. Terrence Creigan must be reinstated before the week is out. But, mind, not a word to Lady Rose.

PEPPERDINE. You may trust me.

MAURICE. It will be a grand surprise for her, but I'm afraid she can't go to the Military Ball tonight. And she has her heart set on it.

PEPPERDINE. But how happy she will be when she learns what you have done for her brother. It will not be difficult to arrange matters with Sir Damon, I am sure.

MAURICE. I myself will be personally responsible for the young man's conduct. (*Gong rings off R.*) There's the dinner gong. Shall we join the party in the hall? Come with me. (*They go out L.*)

After a slight pause enter COLUM from R. followed by TERRENCE CREIGAN.

COLUM. (*Coming down C.*) Sure, it's a fine house they have here.

TERRENCE CREIGAN. (*Down R.*) It is that. And to think that me little sister is the mistress of this grand estate!

COLUM (*proudly*). And Lady Fitzgerald. Think

of that, now. Some day you may be an uncle to a lord.

TERRY. But the best of it all is that she is happy and that he loves her. That is worth more than all the money in Ireland.

COLUM. The man told us to come in here, but I see no one about.

TERRY. Maybe we'd better be ringing this wee bell. (*Rings it.*)

COLUM. Hold on, don't do that! Sure, they'll think the house is on fire or something like that.

TERRY. Not at all. That simply calls the servants. Sit down.

COLUM. (*Sits in easy chair, then jumps up quickly.*) What was it? (*Feels seat.*) Begorra, I thought I sat down on a cat. (*Sinks in chair easily.*)

TERRY. It does me heart good to be back in dear old Dublin again.

COLUM. Wait till you get home. Ann Mary is crazy entirely with joy. Wait till she hears that you are back. There'll be no holding her.

TERRY. I'm not entirely free. Only on a sort of parole.

COLUM. Sure the parole of a Creigan is as good as an oath.

TERRY. I suppose that you and Ann Mary miss me sister?

COLUM. Miss her, is it? Sure 'twas the light of our eyes went out when she moved away. But thank the saints she is happy.

TERRY. It's a wonder now that you are alone that one of you don't get married.

COLUM. That's what the Widow Hannigan thinks also. But I've lived a bachelor for over fifty years and I'll live a bachelor till I die. And so will Ann Mary.

Enter PEGEEN from L.

PEGEEN. I thought I heard the bell.

COLUM. And so you did, my lady. We were trying to get a servant. I am after looking for me niece Rose Creigan who was, Lady Fitzgerald who is.

PEGEEN. And don't you know me?

COLUM. Sorry a bit, do I?

PEGEEN. I'm Pegeen, Pegeen Burke.

COLUM. Pegeen Burke! I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're lying.

TERRY. Why, so it is! Pegeen, I'm glad to see you. (*Shakes hands.*)

COLUM (*putting on spectacles and walks all around PEGEEN, looking at her*). I'll not believe it.

PEGEEN (*shakes hands with him*). Mr. McCormack, you're a sight for sore eyes. And how is Miss Ann Mary? And Shawn McGilly? And the Widow Han-nigan? And all the boys and girls?

COLUM. They're well and I'm well and sure, I think you're well too. You look like a lady, Pegeen.

PEGEEN (*tosses head*). Sure, I am that, too.

COLUM. You'll be too fine for Shawn McGilly now.

PEGEEN. I'd never look at Shawn McGilly now.

COLUM. My, my! Dress the pig in silk and there's no getting her into the sty.

PEGEEN. I've heard that you've been restored, Mr. Terry. My, but this will be a happy day for Lady Rose.

COLUM. And where is she? Where is me Rose?

PEGEEN. They're at dinner now.

COLUM. Dinner, is it?

PEGEEN. I'll speak to her and tell her that some one is here to see her.

TERRY. But don't tell her who it is. Let us surprise her. We'll step in here and wait. (*Points to R.*)

PEGEEN. And I'll send her in. Oh, won't she be surprised! (*Exit L.*)

COLUM. Never in all me life have I seen such a change in a creature. And to think that that girl used to cut up the pigs for the butcher!

TERRY. Come in here, Uncle Colum. We'll give Rose the surprise of her life. (*Exit R.*)

COLUM. (*Following him.*) And to think that that girl was Pegeen Burke. (*Exits R.*)

Enter ROSE from L. in full ball costume.

ROSE (*coming to C.*). Sure, there's no one here at all. Pegeen was so mysterious. I wonder who it can be. (*Exits R.*)

TERRY (*outside R.*). Rose, Rose, me sister!

ROSE (*outside R.*). It's Terry! Terry! And Uncle Colum!

After pause enter ROSE from R. with TERRY and COLUM.

ROSE. Oh, this is the happiest day in me whole life.

COLUM. And what a lady you've grown to be.

TERRY. And are you always happy here, mavourneen?

ROSE. Always. Me husband is as good as gold. But, oh, how glad I am to see you both. There's no one in all the world like you, Terry — except Nunkie!

COLUM. And will you look at the dress of her. Sure, are you a queen on her throne, or what?

ROSE. I'm going to the ball tonight. And you and Terry shall go with us.

COLUM. Indeed and I'll go to no ball. I'm going to the opera theater and see the Black Crook's Girls.

ROSE. Oh, uncle, what would Aunt Ann Mary say?

COLUM. What she don't know will never disturb her.

ROSE. But Terry, you can go with us to the ball?

TERRY. I'll be delighted.

ROSE. My, what a fine and handsome man you've grown to be over there in Americky. Sure I thought the Injuns would be after scalping off all your hair and eating you alive.

TERRY. Not in Buffalo.

ROSE. Me heart's full to overflowing to have you both here. (*Rings bell.*) The people will be coming in from dinner presently. I want to give me husband a grand surprise and show him what a fine lad me brother is.

Enter PEGEEN from L.

TERRY. And don't forget Uncle Colum. He's a fine man, too.

ROSE. He is. The finest in all Ireland. Now you must go with Pegeen and then I'll send for you and surprise the whole family.

COLUM. But remember I want to see the Black Crook's Girls tonight!

ROSE. Pegeen, show Terry and Nunkie to the rooms in the south tower, and not a word to anyone that they are here. I want to surprise me husband. I'll introduce you to him, Terry, at the Military Ball tonight. I want him to see what a fine looking lad I have for a brother.

TERRY. Blarney, mavourneen, blarney!

ROSE. Now run along with Pegeen, the both of yees. The folks will be coming in from dinner directly.

COLUM. From dinner, is it? And do you ate dinner twice a day?

ROSE. No, only once. We have breakfast and lunch and tiffin and dinner and late supper.

COLUM. Sure, you must be kept busy eating the whole day.

PEGEEN. Walk this way, sir. (*Exits L. loftily with affected walk.*)

COLUM. If I walked that way, faith, I'd be bending me backbone. But I'll do me best. (*Exits L. followed by TERRY.*)

ROSE (*looking back at her train*). My, my, what a long tail our cat has got. I hope I don't trip on it and fall down at the ball tonight. My, if such a thing as that should happen Maurice would be disgraced forever.

Enter MAURICE from L. He stands looking at her.

MAURICE. Rose, come here; I want to talk to you. (*Sits L.*)

ROSE (*standing at R.*). You're going to scold me. I see it in your eye. And I don't like to be scolded. How do you like me new dress? (*Parades across stage.*)

MAURICE. Very pretty.

ROSE (*imitating his tone*). Very pretty, is it? Is that the best I get? My gracious, I thought that you would at least say that I was a dream. (*Pause, waiting for him to speak, but he does not.*) I think I am a dream. Don't you? Or am I just a wild rose from the farm at Kildare?

MAURICE. You are my wife; you are Lady Rose Fitzgerald.

ROSE. (*Sighs.*) Yes, I know that. And it's an

awful responsibility. (*She crosses to him and sits on the arm of his chair.*) Well, go on and scold me. I suppose I might as well have it now as later. What have I been doing now?

MAURICE. You left the table before dinner was half served.

ROSE. I lost me appetite — and there was some company for me.

MAURICE. But you forgot our guests, and hospitality has ever been the watchword of the Fitzgeralds.

ROSE. I'm sorry.

MAURICE. And you were rude to Lady Agnes.

ROSE (*spiritedly*). I'm not sorry for that. She was rude to me.

MAURICE. That makes no difference, she is a guest beneath our roof.

ROSE (*rises and comes to C.*). You're taking up for her — you always take up for her. (*Rapidly.*) I believe you care more for her than you do for me. I know you do. You're sorry you ever married me. I've disgraced you with me country ways and me bluntness of speech. (*Crosses to R., sinks in chair, buries her face in arms and sobs.*) I've disgraced you, I've disgraced you!

MAURICE (*crosses to her and comforts her*). Not at all. Rose, don't cry!

ROSE. I will cry! I guess I can cry if I want to. You don't love me!

MAURICE. I love you as much as ever.

ROSE (*looks up at him*). Honest, do you?

MAURICE. Honestly, I do.

ROSE (*childishly*). And am I still the rose of your heart?

MAURICE. Of course you are. But you must take

pains to be a little more thoughtful. You must study and learn to repress your buoyant nature. Lady Agnes is your friend and mine. I think you should apologize to her.

ROSE. I'll apologize to no one. She mocks at me and sneers at me dear uncle.

MAURICE. You only imagine that, Rose dear.

ROSE. She's jealous of us, that's what she is. She wanted to marry you herself.

MAURICE. Nonsense.

ROSE. It isn't nonsense. A woman always knows. She tries to treat me like the dirt beneath her feet, and am I to sit quietly by when she does that?

MAURICE. When she is our guest, yes. (*Crosses to L.*)

ROSE. Then the sooner she quits being our guest, the better I'll like it.

MAURICE. Rose!

ROSE. Don't Rose me! I'm working hard and studying every minute of the day to make meself into a fine society lady, but it seems no use at all. And tonight I was going to me first grand ball and I was so happy. And now we've quarrelled and I'm not happy at all, at all.

MAURICE. And these touches of brogue. People in our position never use brogue. It is left for the common people.

ROSE. (*Rising.*) The common people, is it? Sure, I'm one of the common people meself, and proud of it, do ye mind! The nobility can make a king, and a king can make a nobility, but neither king nor nobility can make a people!

MAURICE (*seated L.*). Your sentiments do you

credit, my dear. But you'd better leave the discussion of politics to others.

ROSE (*passionately*). The words "common people" are so often on the lips of the nobility. Did you ever stop to think, Maurice, that every one was common people once on a time. Sure, I think the good Lord must love the common people the best of all, because He made so many of them.

MAURICE (*rises*). We'll not discuss the subject further. I'm sure you will not willingly offend Lady Agnes again while she is beneath my roof.

ROSE (*humbly*). I'll try not to, Maurice. (*Loudly.*) But she certainly does rouse me fighting blood. But I'll do as you bid me. (*Pathetically.*) I'm trying hard to be a lady, Maurice dear, for your sake. I'm trying hard not to disgrace you.

MAURICE (*taking her in his arms*). And you are succeeding so well, my darling.

Enter AGNES from L.

AGNES (*at L.*). Oh, I beg your pardon. I fear I am *de trop*.

ROSE (*at R. C.*). I don't know what ye mean by *de trop*, but I think you are.

MAURICE (*at C.*). Agnes, Rose has something to say to you. (*Crosses to door at R., turns and speaks.*) Be friends, both of you — for my sake. (*Exits R.*)

ROSE. Lady Agnes, I'm sorry for what I said at dinner. I forgot for the moment that you were my guest. I am sorry.

AGNES (*at L. C.*). Oh, we will say no more about it. Your husband has already apologized for your conduct and then, I always make allowances for you, my dear.

No doubt if I had been reared as you were, I should be just as bad. When I am speaking with Maurice I always take your part.

ROSE. (*Angrily.*) You always take my part?

AGNES. Yes; men are so unreasonable, aren't they? He picked a wild flower and he has no right to be angry and disappointed when he finds that she cannot transform herself into a hot-house bloom.

ROSE. I don't think my husband is angry or disappointed. In spite of what you infer, I am sure he is satisfied with his choice.

AGNES (*with a sneering laugh*). Indeed? And you should hear what he says to his own circle of friends. If you will pardon a suggestion, my dear, I think the best thing you could do would be to leave him. That would be most satisfactory to all parties, I am sure.

ROSE. And to yourself in particular.

AGNES Oh, no; to your husband in particular. Why he actually has to blush for you.

ROSE. I was happy until you came here; he never blushed for me until you taught him, and if there is a cloud between us that is darkening our happy home, it is you, Agnes Barricklow, who caused it.

AGNES (*clenching her hands*). How dare you!

ROSE. I have been silent too long. But I see through your plans at last. You would have him divorce me. You have dropped the mask, there is nothing between us now, I see you face to face. This house is no place for you. I am the mistress here and I bid you leave my house!

AGNES. You bid me? (*Laughs.*) Indeed. You forget that it was your husband who invited me here. You had better ask him to send me away, and tell him your reasons.

ROSE. Take care! Shall I tell him that you are trying to poison his faith in me, that you are trying to undermine our love?

AGNES. Ah, I see you fear me.

ROSE. No, I fear you no longer. I have torn the mask from your face. You are harmless.

AGNES. Rose Fitzgerald, is this defiance?

ROSE. No, Agnes Barricklow, it is detection! (*Cross to door at R.*) I am going to my husband and tell him that you are leaving the house.

AGNES. But if I refuse?

ROSE. I will tell him all. For once you have overplayed your game. You have shown your hand before you took the trick. I know you now, and I will beat you at your own game. (*Exit R.*)

AGNES. Fool! (*Rings hand-bell.*) Why did I lose my temper? Why did I reveal my plans?

Enter PEGEEN from L.

PEGEEN (*at L.*). Do you want me, me lady?

AGNES. Yes. Find my maid and send her to my room at once. Then you can help her pack my things. I am leaving for Belfast tonight. (*Exit L.*)

PEGEEN. And good riddance to bad rubbish, says I.

Enter ROSE from R.

ROSE. Pegeen, where is Lady Barricklow?

PEGEEN. She just went out, me lady. She's going to have her things packed.

ROSE. She is going away?

PEGEEN. Yes, mum, at once. And it'll be mighty glad I'll be to see the last of her.

ROSE. Where is she going?

PEGEEN. To Belfast, she says. Have ye been having a ruction with her?

ROSE. I have been asserting my rights as mistress of this house.

PEGEEN. Hurray for you, my lady. Sure and it was high time that some one was saying "scat" to her ladyship.

ROSE. That will do, Pegeen.

PEGEEN. Yes, my lady, that's what I think, too.
(Exit L.)

ROSE (at C.). Going away, is she? To Belfast. May the saints speed her on her journey. The black cloud is passing from my heaven and me husband will be all my own again.

Enter MAURICE from R. with long coat and carrying hat.

MAURICE (comes down R. C.). Rose!

ROSE (at C.). Oh, Maurice, dear Maurice. I'm so happy I could sing, I feel that light-hearted and gay.

MAURICE. And why, Rose?

ROSE. Well, I'll tell the truth and shame the devil. Lady Agnes is going to Belfast tonight.

MAURICE (lightly). And you are glad to lose so agreeable a companion?

ROSE. Sure, she's too agreeable, I'm thinking, to some people.

MAURICE (annoyed). Rose, you aren't jealous? (She nods.) If there is any one thing that makes a wife appear foolish in the eyes of the world and ridiculous to her husband it is jealousy, baseless jealousy.

ROSE. (Comes to him meekly and lays hand on his arm.) I know I'm wrong, but I can't help it. But

she's going, Heaven be praised, and me jealousy is going with her. And tonight I'll be the happiest girl in all Ireland. We're going to the grand military ball — and I have a grand surprise for you when we get there.

MAURICE. I'm afraid I won't be able to go to the ball tonight.

ROSE (*in surprise and dismay*). Won't go? Oh, Maurice! And it was to be me first grand ball. And I tried to dress to please you, and I've studied me lessons to make a grand lady of meself tonight, and I was going to be so happy, and now you can't go.

MAURICE. I am called away upon important business. I fear I must leave tonight.

ROSE. Oh, no, not tonight. (*Clings to him and sobs.*) Not tonight! When I was so happy.

MAURICE. It is imperative. I must go at once.

ROSE. Then let me go with you.

MAURICE. That would be impossible. Come now, be a brave little Rose! I'll be back in a few days.

ROSE (*persistent*). But why must you go?

MAURICE. I cannot tell you. It must be a secret for the present.

ROSE. A secret. (*Slowly.*) Maurice, this is our first secret. Where are you going?

MAURICE. I must catch the night train for Belfast.

ROSE (*frowns and says in a whisper*). Belfast!

MAURICE. I must go to my room now and see if Patrick has finished packing. (*Crosses to L.*) It will only be for a short time, a week at most. (*Exits L.*)

ROSE (*looking straight before her without moving*). To Belfast? (*Pause.*) And she is going to Belfast, too. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

Enter TERRY from L. in dress uniform.

TERRY (*coming down L. C.*). Well, darlin', don't you think you'd better be introducing me to the family now?

ROSE (*takes his two hands, looks in his face piteously*). Oh, Terry, brother, at least you are left to me.

TERRY. (*Embracing her.*) What's all this? What is wrong with you and Sir Maurice?

ROSE. He's going away to Belfast. And Lady Barricklow is going, too. I am to be left behind. And he promised to take me to the ball tonight, and now he's going away.

TERRY. But, mavourneen, he'll be coming back again. I'll take you to the ball.

ROSE. But, don't you see? He's following her to Belfast.

TERRY. You are excited. Maybe he's not at all. I'll watch over you, never fear, I will protect you. But you mustn't give way like this. Remember your pride, remember that you are a Creigan.

ROSE. I will be brave. (*Rings hand-bell.*) Let her do her worst. I'll show them all that a Creigan of Kildare fears no one.

Enter PEGEEN from L.

ROSE. Pegeen, me opera cloak. The white one with the fur.

PEGREEN. Yes, me lady. (*Exits L.*)

TERRY. What do you intend to do?

ROSE. I am going to the ball — with you. I am a country flower no longer, but a woman, a woman fighting for her husband's love. Go in there, Terry. (*Points to L.*) I'll call you in a moment.

TERRY. As you will. (*Exits L.*)

Enter PEGEEN from L. with opera cloak. She puts it on ROSE.

PEGREEN. Here it is, me lady. It makes you look as lovely as the white frosting on a Christmas cake.

Enter MAURICE from R., AGNES, EILEEN and PENNY-WITT from L.

MAURICE (*at R. C.*). Surely Rose, you are not going to the ball?

ROSE (*at C.*). Indeed and I am. You are going away, and my guests are going away, would you have me be moping here at home?

EILEEN (*down L.*). We will be glad to take you.

PENNY. (*Down L. with her.*) Er — yes, Lady Rose, plenty of room, plenty of room.

ROSE. I'll not trouble you.

AGNES (*at L. C.*). Perhaps you have an escort?

ROSE. Perhaps I have. And he's no other woman's husband, either.

MAURICE. Don't you think you had better stay at home tonight, Rose?

ROSE (*passionately*). No. Too long have I sit and sighed and moped and worn me very heart out trying to please all of you. The light has died out of me eyes and the joy from me heart. (*Louder, speaking to MAURICE.*) You gave me jewels and fine clothes and a carriage and pair and servants and society, when all the time me heart was crying out for but one thing. It was love I wanted — and that was denied to me. And now you are off for a week at Belfast, and me fine Lady Barricklow is off for a week at Belfast, and I'll stand it no longer.

MAURICE. Rose, what are you going to do?

ROSE. I'll sit and sigh no more. You've all tried to make me a fine lady, and now I'll try and make meself one. I'll go to the ball and dance with a smile on me face and a broken heart in me breast. I'll say "Bong jower, monseer!" and be the gayest of the gay. I have an escort. Pegeen, show in me escort! (*To MAURICE.*) Now, you are free to go with Lady Bar-riclow or whom you will.

Enter TERRY from L.

ROSE. Terry, your arm! (*Takes his arm and sweeps up to the door C. her head held high, turns and faces MAURICE.* Good night to you, Sir Maurice, and a pleasant trip to Belfast.

AGNES (*raging*). Insolent!

ROSE. Insolent, am I? 'Twas you who taught me the way of the world, me lady, 'twas you who taught me how to fight, and I am going to win. Pegeen, me coach! Terry, your arm! (*Makes a courtesy to all.*) Good night, to all of ye. (*Stands in door C. looking and laughing at them.*)

CURTAIN

"MAVOURNEEN!"

SECOND SCENE: *Same as Act III, Scene 1. The curtain to remain down only a few moments to indicate the lapse of four hours. Curtain rises to sad music "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen" or any other plaintive, Irish melody. MAURICE discovered seated at table, his head bowed on his arms. When curtain is well up, there is a pause. A clock strikes three.*

MAURICE (*rises, looks at watch*). Three o'clock. And this is the end. The end of my dream. I wonder who he is. Some boyhood lover, I suppose. (*Opens drawer, takes out pistol.*) My hand trembles like a leaf. I must conquer my nerves. I'll send a challenge by O'Grady the first thing in the morning. Duelling is dead in Ireland, but it isn't very far to Calais.

Enter from R. EILEEN followed by PENNYWITT.

EILEEN (*sees revolver*). Maurice, Maurice, whatever are you doing?

MAURICE (*putting it in drawer*). Nothing, little sister, nothing.

EILEEN. Come in, Mr. Pennywitt, he says he is doing nothing.

MAURICE. And is the ball over?

EILEEN. Oh, yes; and we had a delightful time.

PENNY. I think I will say good night. It's rather late, you know.

MAURICE. You will find Jeems in the hall. He is waiting for you.

PENNY. Good night, Sir Maurice.

MAURICE. Good night.

PENNY (*crosses to door L.*). Good night, Miss Eileen.

EILEEN. Good night, Mr. Pennywitt. I had a lovely time.

PENNY. So glad, you know. Delighted, and all that sort of thing. (*Exit L.*)

MAURICE. Where is Rose?

EILEEN. She is coming. Their carriage was directly behind ours. Oh, Maurice, she was a dream.

Everyone went perfectly raving mad about her. She was the belle of the ball. I never saw any one so popular.

MAURICE. I can well believe it.

EILEEN. I wonder who her escort was. She never introduced him to me.

MAURICE. Doubtless she will tell you in the morning.

EILEEN. So you didn't go to Belfast, after all.

MAURICE. No, I didn't go.

EILEEN. You're not cross with Rose are you? Please don't be cross with her. She's so young and innocent. She doesn't know our ways, Maurice.

MAURICE. No, she doesn't know our ways.

EILEEN. But I love her dearly. Promise me that you won't be cross with her.

MAURICE. There, there, you'd better be off to your room.

EILEEN. I'm going. Oh, Maurice, I think Mr. Pennywitt will have something to tell you in the morning.

MAURICE. Pennywitt? You don't mean that he has (*hesitates*).

EILEEN. Yes. He's proposed. I rather felt it was coming tonight.

MAURICE. And what did you tell him?

EILEEN. I told him — to speak to you about it, that I was entirely too young to make up my mind whether I wanted him or not.

MAURICE. But do you?

EILEEN. I think I do. But I'll let you know in the morning. Good night. (*Runs out L.*)

Enter ROSE and TERRY from R.

ROSE (*comes down C.*). Maurice! You didn't go?

MAURICE. No. (*Standing at L. C.*)

ROSE. I want you to meet my escort. Allow me to present Lieutenant Terrence Creigan.

MAURICE (*astonished*). Terrence Creigan?

TERRY (*down R.*). At your service, sir.

MAURICE (*to ROSE*). Your brother?

ROSE. Sure, whose brother did you think he was?

MAURICE (*goes to TERRY and shakes hands*). It is a pleasure to meet you.

TERRY. The same to you, sir.

MAURICE. I had intended going to Belfast in your behalf. The General, Sir Damon Burkett, is an old friend of mine. (*To ROSE.*) That was why I was going to Belfast, to secure your brother's unconditional restoration.

ROSE. Oh, and I thought you were going with her. Forgive me, Maurice, can you ever forgive me? (*Goes to him.*)

MAURICE (*takes her in his arms*). There is nothing to forgive.

ROSE. And you don't really care for Lady Agnes Barricklow?

MAURICE. Can you ask? There is only one woman in the wide world for me, and it is you, Rose. Rose o' my Heart!

SLOW CURTAIN

An Early Bird

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

COMEDY, in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** Private office of a railroad president; room in a cheap boarding house at Flag Corners. Act I.—A bird in the tree. Act II.—A bird in the bush. Act III.—A bird in the hand.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cyrus B. Kilbuck....President of the P. D. Q. Railroad
Tony Kilbuck.....His Son, Just Out of College
Mr. Barnaby Bird.....The Boss of Flag County
Mr. Mulberry.....Chief Attorney for the Road
Bruce Ferguson.....A Clerk in the General Offices
Artie.....An Office Boy
Mr. Perry Allen.....A Young Gentleman Farmer
Jessamine Lee.....The Girl
Mrs. Van Dyne....An Agent for the P. D. Q. Railroad
Imogene McCarty.....A Stenographer
Mrs. Beavers.....From Flag Corners
Rosa Bella Beavers.....The Belle of Flag Corners
Mrs. Perry Allen.....Jassamine's Chum
Dilly.....Mrs. Beavers' Hired Girl

"You see that door? On the outside it says Pull, but on my side it says Push! Get the idea? I had no pull to make my way, only push! And it has made me a millionaire. Understand? Push!" Thus Kilbuck tells his son, Tony, who has been expelled from college. With unlimited nerve and a light heart, Tony starts out to carve his way to fame and fortune and to win the girl he loves. On the rough journey he meets one Barnaby Bird who figures strongly in the play but he outwits him, puts a big deal over on his father, wins the girl he loves and all's well. Comedy features are introduced by a coquettish stenographer, a fresh office boy, a country belle and her mother, a landlady of a Flag Corners hotel and last but by no means least, Dilly, the hired girl.

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For the Love of Johnny

BY

HARRY HAMILTON

A PLAY, in 3 acts; 6 males, 3 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 1 interior, 1 exterior. In his original manuscript the author called this play "a play of human hearts," and a page of description could not better explain its character.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ethel Banks.....The Niece
Harriet Banks.....The Aunt
Dorothy Banks.....The Daughter
Dick Wayburn.....The Coward
Jerrymeyer Banks.....The Uncle
Phil Osborne.....The Soldier
John Turkey-Legs.....The Indian
Father Ryan.....The Priest
Johnny Banks.....The Nephew
Mr. Woods.....The Stranger

Around an intensely dramatic situation, the author has woven a human throbbing story abounding in clean and clever comedy and genuine pathos. We do not love all the characters the way we do Ethel and Johnny but we are not indifferent to any for they are all intensely human. We follow the Cinderella-like form of Ethel through the play with tears and laughter; we fear Dick Wayburn; our hearts are won by the courage and unselfishness of Father Ryan; we grow fat laughing at Phil, the returned soldier; John Turkey-Legs inspires within us a wholesome respect for the native Red Man; Uncle Jerry wins our sympathy and forgiveness; we admire Dorothy, and we finally take back all we said about Aunt Harriet when in the last act she renounces the domestic trousers she has worn all through the play. No play since "The Parish Priest" or "The Rosary" has had a more appealing character of a priest than that of Father Ryan. A professional play, successful on the road, within the scope of talented amateur players. Stage directions and business unusually complete.

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Ruth in a Rush

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

A COMEDY, in 3 acts; 5 males, 7 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Brownell.....	Ruth's Aunt
Juliet Raymond.....	Ruth's Secretary and Friend
Ruth Macdonald Moore.....	Always in a Rush
Susie.....	A Maid
Leonard Bruce.....	Poor But Aristocratic
Wayne Ashley.....	Rich But Uncultured
Dwight Lambert.....	An Eloper
Peggy Patton.....	Another Eloper
Gilbert Lansing.....	A Writer
Philip Grant.....	A Millionaire
Sadie Sodastrom.....	A Ticket Agent
Jean Moore Foster.....	Ruth's Sister

Ruth in a rush—for a position! Ruth in a rush—for a train! Ruth in a rush—for the borderline! Under these three captions, Ruth Moore might have designated the most important era of her life. For, in her hurry to be Gilbert Lansing's private secretary, she unconsciously became the instrument of fate; during the eventful afternoon at the little waiting room at Sunshine Junction she was involved in a tangle of circumstances which resulted in the unusual experience of being handcuffed to a fascinating stranger; and in her sudden decision to cross the borderline, she obeyed impulse, defied convention, became happily engaged and decided that, after all, she had been perfectly justified in her life habit of being in a rush. And all this to the accompaniment of unfortunate suitors, stray lunatics and irresponsible elopers! Like Ruth herself, the spirited action and the merry comedy of this breezy play go with a rush.

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The Real Thing After All

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

An after-the-war comedy-drama, in 3 acts; 7 males, 9 females (2 are children, boy and girl). Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bobby Winton.....A Youthful Soldier
Ruth Meredith.....With the Gift of Understanding
Anne Meredith Winton....In Love with Her Husband
KateMrs. Winton's Maid
Robert Winton.....A Successful Lawyer
Cecily Hargraves.....Richard's Fiancee
Thomas Gregory.....A Mystery
Alison Page.....Who Is Clever
Dennis.....Who Emulates Sherlock Holmes
Doris Thorne.....A War Bride
Edward Thorne ("Ted").....A War Groom
Captain Richard Winton....Who Does the Unexpected
Aimée....."A Little Bit of France"
Miss Ward.....Richard's Aunt and Housekeeper
Fifi.....A French Maid
Roger Atherton.....An American Aviator

Sometimes it is pretty hard to find the real thing after all—and Dick Winton, fresh from service, with a Croix de Guerre all his own and a dear French orphan to claim his care and affection, searches in vain until the Christmas spirit touches his eyes and gives him the magic vision. And while selfish Cecily, quiet Ruth and adoring Aimée unconsciously direct his destiny, clever Alison tries to decide between the mysterious aviator and the equally mysterious Tom Gregory, and a fascinating French maid plays havoc with hearts—and other things! The irrepressible Kate, in emulation of Dennis, assumes the role of detective and flourishes the stolen pearls at the crucial moment; the stranger, Atherton, proves a friend in need and establishes an identity, all by a packet of letters; and, as to the recovery of the missing twenty-five thousand—well, that is Bobby's story, and he tells it much better than anybody else can hope to do.

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CHICAGO

When Smith Stepped Out

BY

HARRY OSBORNE

A COMEDY, in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, about 2 hours. Scene: 1 interior throughout.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

William Horace Smith.....Uncle Bill
George Smith.....His Nephew
Richard Keene.....A Detective
Bob Stanley.....A Wooer
Mrs. George Smith.....Nellie
Muriel Armitage.....Her Younger Sister
Miss WinslowA Spinster
Hilda.....The Maid at the Smith's

Did you ever stop to think how dangerous it is to carry a loaded revolver? Dear, old, absent-minded Uncle Bill Smith, from Australia on a visit, starts something difficult to finish when he steps out for his evening walk with a revolver in his pocket. He innocently robs a man of his watch, loses his hat, gives the detective a merry chase, almost sees the inside of a jail and just escapes the matrimonial clutches of a desperate spinster. He all but breaks up one peaceful home but starts another by getting a bashful lover to propose and in the end has everyone stepping about as lively as the kangaroo from his native Australia. It all happens quickly, laughingly, mysteriously and thrillingly. After two hours of fast fun the audience will discover that melancholy, indigestion and worries have all stepped out with the sick detective who left just as the curtain dropped. No star part, but strong characterization throughout, easily within the range of amateurs.

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By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 25 Cents.

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